

THE  
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THOMSON'S WORKS.\*

BY REV. E. MCCLURE.

IT has been well remarked, that we live in the midst of blessings till we become so accustomed to them, that they fail to impress us, as they ought, with a sense of their real value. Thus it is with the air we breathe, and the light which every day we receive from heaven. We are so familiar with the face of the sky, and with the rising of the sun, that the atmospherical phenomena of the one, and the auroral glories of the other, seldom raise within us powerful emotions. They are regarded, indeed, as common blessings—unworthy of being mentioned in our prayers—but as to a due appreciation of them, with becoming gratitude to their divine Author, alas! how infrequent and uncommon! On this same principle, if the miracles of the early Christian Church had been continued to the present time, and were of daily occurrence, from their very repetition they would cease to be influential. Could we witness the sudden uprisal of a noble tree, gigantic in its proportions, covered with foliage, adorned with blossoms, we should call that a miracle. Yet through the ever-recurring seasons substantially the same thing is taking place before our eyes, and we heed it not. The seed planted in our garden soon becomes a flower; the scion in a few years attains to maturity, and is laden with delicious fruit; the acorn at length towers up into the lofty wide-spreading oak, the pride of the forest, and the ornament of every landscape where it grows. Who shall say that the latter, as well as the former, are not miracles? so far at least as they transcend the human, and require for their production the exercise of Almighty power? The only difference

between them consists in the time required for their development.

The well-known cataract of our northern lakes, with its marginal evergreens, and its mighty flood, that rushes over the trembling rocks in one wild, fearful leap of snow-white foam, beautiful with refracted light, and glorious with rainbows—when for the first time beheld by a celebrated orator, he stood entranced, and could only exclaim, "God of grandeur, what a scene!" More memorable even than these are the words of the untutored Indian, who, when this vision of the Great Spirit burst upon him, cried out, "Nia-gara!"—O, how beautiful! The expression of the savage has given a name to the world's wonder.

Not long since a company of persons visited the Falls. One of the number—a lady—was anxious to have the full benefit of a first impression. She therefore wrapped a shawl around her head, and, thus blindfolded, suffered herself to be carried down to a point, from which, in one view, she could see the American branch of the cataract, and the Horse-Shoe fall on the Canada side. But when the veil was removed, and she looked up, the effect was overpowering. She fainted in the arms of her friends. And yet there are those living in the vicinity—born and reared within the shadow of this grandeur—who can look upon it with indifference, and even smile at the enthusiasm of the stranger. The world's wonder is not a wonder to them. The rocks, the waters, and their ceaseless roar, have gradually interwoven themselves into their common ideas and experience. They see the cataract every day, and, in their minds, it raises no higher emotions than are elsewhere produced by the tiny cascade, or the flowing stream.

The principle assumed, will, to some extent, apply to authors. There are those who, from comparative obscurity, have reached a high position; by a number of successive steps they have

\* Essays, Educational and Religious. By E. Thomson, D. D., LL. D., President of Ohio Wesleyan University.

gained the prize, and secured for themselves an enviable, no less than a permanent reputation. They had passed, as it were, through all the grades of authorship, before they could be admitted to senatorial rank in the great republic of letters.

On the other hand, there are those, who, without previous note of preparation, come forth at once to charm the world with their glorious writings. Like Elijah the Tishbite, they appear unexpectedly, as if from some unknown region. And like the prophet, aware of their high mission, they speak, if not with the authority of inspiration, at least in the power of gifted souls inspired by genius. These are the great masters of history or of song who, at their advent, receive the spontaneous greetings of all hearts. True rulers in the realm of mind, earth's proudest kings are glad to do them homage.

These remarks, though of a general character, may serve, nevertheless, to introduce the particular instance implied by the heading of our article. Not that it is our purpose to enter into any thing like a critical analysis, or regular review of the work—rather to point out some of its many excellences, and give it courteous recognition, which it well deserves.

"Essays, Educational and Religious," is the title of a book, which, on many accounts, must be considered a desideratum in the world of literature. "A long-cherished wish is at length gratified;" so says the publisher. The public would have been much better pleased had this volume appeared in more durable and elegant form. The Church will not be satisfied till the author's complete works, from under his own hand, shall be issued in suitable binding and illustrations, to take their proper place in the grand gallery of English classics. If mere externals could show the estimate which not a few persons place upon the writings of Edward Thomson, we are sure they would be brought out in the highest style of art, with illuminated letter, and binding of velvet and gold. Dr. Thomson's friends should see to it, that the further publication of his works be stopped, till it can be done in a manner worthy of their high character.

Had the Essays appeared now for the first time, the volume containing them would be considered one of the most brilliant books of the season. It must have received favorable notice through all the ranks of journalism, from the country newspaper up to Horace Greeley, and learned criticism from the newly-fledged Maga to the North American Review. Editors of all shades would make their observations on the new star,

and fix its place in our intellectual heavens. It is, however, well known that most of the essays had been previously published in the Ladies' Repository, and elsewhere, so that, even in their present form, they wear the aspect of long-familiar friends. And here let it be remembered, that, as they appeared from time to time, they received a just meed of praise from the best critics in the land. Indeed, many of them give this as a reason for simply announcing the present volume with the remark, that the author is so well known he needs no commendation. There is, doubtless, some truth in this; the fame of the book has been anticipated in the applause of the *lecture*, and the admiration of the *article*. Were it otherwise, their variety and value, together with the richness and power of thought every-where developed, must have made a profound impression. The opening day has stolen upon us by degrees, and startled us not. As when the first faint streak of dawn shines more and more, till the sky is gloriously beautiful with light; so from the earliest indications of talent, up to the more finished productions of his pen, we trace in the author the gradual unfolding of a strong, clear, æsthetical mind. And because his reputation has had this slow growth, there will be no surprise, and perhaps but little enthusiasm manifested on the appearance of the present volume.

These considerations, however, will by no means detract from the intrinsic value of the Essays, nor will they render less necessary, but rather enhance the desirableness of this, or some more permanent edition. Suppose you have a number of jewels scattered about in the drawer, the work-box, the chest, and other places, you hardly know where—will it not be better to have them all together in a neat and suitable casket? Here are crystals of thought, pearls of truth, flowers of eloquence—let them be gathered up into rare combinations, so that, like a fairy in the midst of a cavern hung with illuminated diamonds, your soul drinks in the light, and is itself rendered luminous.

Or, suppose, that at different periods of my life, I have received a number of letters from a friend: they reveal truths of the highest import, inculcate lessons of loftiest patriotism, and give to piety its most attractive forms; they describe the blessedness of heaven, and I wish I were an angel living there; they depict the miseries of hell, till in sympathetic horror I shriek like the lost; they pour light on the mysteries of a human heart, so that I can detect the hidden springs of my own nature; and then, they place me

amid the pale memorials of the dead, awaken memories of the loved and lost, and bring back the associations of my early days, till, as I read them, I can only look through tears, and weep like a little child. What, now, shall be done with such letters? Is it best, that like leaves of the forest, torn and scattered by the winds, these precious leaves should be strewn about, and have only a mere fugitive or fragmentary existence? Shall we not rather collect and keep them for consultation in the dark and doubtful periods of our life?

We urge another consideration. The celebrity of these writings will exceed the limits of an American reputation. Already they have something more than a "local habitation and a name." They have circumnavigated the globe, and traveled into far-distant regions. Thousands of readers in different parts of the world, who know but little of the little man, our author, and still less of the village where he dwells, have nevertheless felt with him the weakness of "Skepticism;" have seen, through his eyes, the "Bible Friendly to Reason;" have admired his "Mental Symmetry;" looked in upon his "Inner World;" and followed him, not only through the "Conflicts of Life," but over the "Path of Success." In various climes he has taught men how to eclecticize a true "Philosophy" from the "Extremes" of our own and former ages. Nor is this said without knowing that whereof we affirm. Some twelve months since an individual met with a stray number of the English Wesleyan Magazine, containing the "Inner World, by E. Thomson, D. D., of Ohio." This was in the southern hemisphere, sixteen thousand miles, or more, from the University over which he presides. The essay had been reprinted in a Magazine which counts its readers by hundreds of thousands, in every part of the British empire. Here it was in an island belonging to a cluster of colonists—soon to fill an important place in the proud march of Anglo-Saxon destiny—in which the language of the author is the only language spoken, and where American literature begins to be fully appreciated. Of the large number of persons from the United States, who are now traveling the globe in all directions, not the least remarkable character among them, is that wandering Jew, the "book peddler," from "away down east," who is to be found in every considerable mart of business or commerce. He is doubtless an instrument in the hands of our "manifest destiny." Be this as it may, it is certain that he passed through the large cities of Australia, leaving in his track the most popular

periodicals and books that are published in the United States. Hence it is, that in company with many other American publications, you will find the Ladies' Repository in bookstores, on book-stalls in the streets, on center-tables, and in private libraries. In this way the author's works are known even at the antipodes. Of the extent to which they are admired, a single incident will suffice to show.

In the island of Tasmania, an English lady of high position and fine literary taste, procured the loan of the Wesleyan Magazine, already referred to as containing the "Inner World." This person was so charmed with the style, both of thought and language, that she copied it into her Album, in order, as she said, that she might often read it, adding, "I would not for the world be without so great a treasure."

That the President of the Ohio Wesleyan University has not yet reached the culminating point in his career of usefulness, we verily believe. Those only who have enjoyed the privilege of regular attendance on his pulpit ministrations—for he preaches in the chapel of the University every Sabbath afternoon—can fully appreciate his habits of study, his preparation for the desk, his ability as a divine, and his power as an orator. His manuscript sermons are known to be both numerous and valuable. Among the more important of these may be mentioned a series of lectures on the decalogue, a series on the parables, and another on the evidences of Christianity. When given to the public they will be found not only to embrace a wide range of theme, from "The Pulpit and Politics," down to "Father Latimer and his Candle;" but they will greatly enhance the author's fame, not only as a theologian, but as a profound thinker on many of the most important topics of the present day. His works, when complete, will be the pride and the ornament of our Arminian literature. That, as a writer, he will occupy a more elevated position even than that of the venerable Dr. Fisk, we venture to predict. As a mere controversialist, we grant the pre-eminence to that sainted man, who, with quiet dignity, could lay aside those episcopal robes which a grateful Church had placed upon him. Doubtless, his contributions did good service in their day; but we trust it will not be considered ungenerous to say, that many of them were of comparatively limited influence, and that because they had reference chiefly to questions of an ephemeral or denominational character. President Thomson's writings will extend the knowledge of Wesleyan principles far beyond the pale of his own

Church. Sound in doctrine, yet catholic in spirit, his works are clothed in elevated, but popular style, so that while they commend themselves to the cultivated few, they find equal favor with the unlettered many. His subjects are adapted, not alone to the tastes and wants of his own people, but also to the sympathies of the race, and the requirements of the world. Deeply imbued with the spirit which desires the amelioration of the masses, yet strongly attached to all that is conservative of good, he lays his hand upon the great heart of humanity, and causes it to throb with pulsations of hope and joy. If he alludes to those aspirations after a higher social state, so characteristic of the times, it is to show that such improvements will not consist in the mere change of external forms, nor in the adoption of a system which would rear the Phalanxterie on the ruins of the Church; but in that moral education, and power of religion over all things, which are the soul and body of the interior and the outer life—individual virtue issuing in the general good. When he points to the future, the dawn reddens with prophetic glory. When he describes the unborn ages, the world is luminous with the beautiful revelations of Christian truth. Beneath his glowing pen, the earth is seen to have attained its highest culture, and the social evils of our time have melted away before the genial influence of a higher civilization. The coming centuries roll over a better and a happier world, radiant once more as the garden of God. It is in such a spirit as this, that, while he takes care to inculcate lessons of self-reliance, he ever whispers in the ear of the downtrodden, "Look up, for the day of your redemption draweth nigh."

The style of Dr. Thomson has much in it of the sublime and beautiful. An ancient writer tells us that "light is the shadow of God," and the sentence is often quoted as an example of the sublime. But it is only by a strained effort that we can conceive of light as a shadow: it looks like a contradiction in terms. Compare with this, the following from one of our author's essays: "Look upward into this deep blue universe, the shadow of God." There is nothing in this sentence that involves a perversion of words from their usual meaning. It is grand, but true—a profound thought, beautifully expressed.

Though eminently philosophic, and severely logical in the leading features of his mind, there is poetry enough in its composition to weave the finest tissues of imagery with ornate, flowery, and splendid diction. The soul within, when directed to the world without, "makes ever new discoveries of beauty from the reflected hues

of her own fancy." This faculty the author possesses in a high degree. He is like one who dwells in a summer-house of roses, whose windows are gold, rendered by some occult process transparent as glass. When the eye looks through such a medium, all things wear a golden color; and thus it gives to the objects of its selection a beauty which they never had before. To quote the author's language, and make it apply to himself: "To such a mind the universe is like Anacreon's lyre, which, whatever the poet's theme, or however he swept its chords, sounded out *love* only from its strings."

Like his philosophy, his style is of the eclectic school. It combines the excellences of many; but wears the exclusive likeness of none. It is learned, but simple, perspicuous, elegant, concise; there is strength and majesty, and a vivacity and fire that remind one of the French pulpit in its best days. Often, too, there is the deep sea of thought, and the calm, clear surface, which makes you think of the old English divines. There is a sweetness and a pathos peculiarly his own. He often takes you by surprise—leads you along the path of argument, in which the music of his words beguile you of consciousness, till, at an unexpected turn, the burning sentence, like a scene of glory, falls upon you with overwhelming power.

But, after all, the high moral aims, and the practical character, and benevolent tendency of these writings will constitute their chief excellence. Though in reading them we experience an intellectual pleasure of no common kind, we can not help but feel that they were prepared rather with a view to usefulness, and for the lofty purpose of doing good. GOODNESS is the soul that dwells within them. Christians are reminded that "the Church must determine the world's course." Hence it is their duty to accelerate that period when the Bible shall be the universal text-book—when the law of God shall be the law of man. The importance of combining religious culture with general education, so that the world may be saved from the curse of an unsanctified knowledge, is a theme on which the author loves to dwell. When he speaks to the young men of the land, it is to fire their mind with the loveliness and power of truth, and to teach them this beautiful lesson: "Would man be wise, he must be benevolent; in persecution, like the tree which, when wounded, pours out balm; in prosperity, like the sea which throws its arms around the land; and in the hour of our country's extremity, like the world's Redeemer, ready to bleed."

We believe that James Thomson, the poet of the "Seasons," and Edward Thomson, author of the Essays, are of the same family stock; and what Lord Littleton said of the first, may with equal propriety be said of the second—that his writings contained

"No line, which, dying, he could wish to blot."

### FAITH, NOT FANCY.

BY MISS SERENA BALDWIN.

OFTEN is my mind revolving,  
Wondering where my home will be,  
When this tenement dissolving,  
Mind from matter rendering free—  
When a silent, cold suppression,  
Shall proclaim the union o'er,  
Spirit cast from her possession,  
And a right on earth no more.  
  
Have I place provided any,  
When the dissolution comes?  
Have I friendship made with any  
Who will take me to their homes?  
Heeded yet the admonition—  
Treasures stored where trusts avail?  
Shall I meet with recognition  
Heavenly, when the earthly fail?  
  
Specters through the darkness sally;  
Trembling shrink I from the view  
Of that unexplored valley  
I at last must enter through—  
Through the solemn stillness treading,  
Where deep mourning spreads her pall,  
And the death-damp chillness dreading,  
As the shadows round me fall;  
All unclothed, who shall defend me?  
Clinging to this world of time—  
Fainting, sinking, who befriend me,  
Bear me to a better clime?  
  
Fancy has a wide domain,  
Where she wanders wild and free,  
Till perplexed, her airy pinion  
Lost becomes in mystery.  
Idly, dreamy, vaguely hoping  
For some future good to be,  
Careless, that she must be coping  
With a stern reality.  
She has built a glorious palace,  
Somewhere in the sunny skies;  
Sparkling nectars fill her chalice,  
And ambrosia drop her skies.  
Beautiful are her creations,  
Loving eyes and golden hair;  
Richer robes than eastern nations,  
And more sparkling gems they wear.  
But neglected has to draft us,  
Book our names, or passage pay;  
And the winds she trusts to waft us,  
They may waft another way—

Where there hangs a dark cloud over,  
Without star our guide to be,  
And the bark is rescued never,  
Once upon that shoreless sea.  
  
Faith looks up with eye undaunted,  
Views far off a cloudless day;  
Fears no darkness terror haunted,  
Takes her lamp, and sees the way.  
Girds her armor close surround her,  
Trusting in its strength relies;  
Deadly foes she knows around her,  
To debar her from the skies.  
Robed with an unrivaled beauty,  
Spotless robe of righteousness,  
It has been her life's great duty.  
To secure that heavenly dress,  
In that clothed, by that defended,  
Calmly can she meet the view  
Of the searching eyes of spirits,  
Whose bright glance would read her through;  
Every difficulty daring  
To contend with, that may rise,  
While she is a passport bearing  
Of admittance to the skies.  
  
Known, and there received with honor,  
For His sake, whose name she bears,  
Joy, and peace, and life forever,  
Is the immortal crown she wears.  
I will trust in thee, dear Savior;  
I will lay my hand in thine;  
And will prove, by my behavior,  
Faith, not Fancy, to be mine.

### HELEN IMOGENE.

BY H. H. MOORE.

I CAN'T forget my little Helen,  
Nor will my heart its aching cease,  
Till wasted by excess of feeling,  
It sinks exhausted into peace.  
  
Can I forget those eyes of azure?  
Those loving arms that clasped my neck?  
Which gave to life its thrill of pleasure,  
But gone, have left me all a wreck!  
  
This wear of thought has made me languish,  
And yet will cause a ceaseless pain;  
But O, forget her! that were anguish,  
Which heart like mine may not sustain.  
  
With her the light of life departed,  
And shadows such as night ne'er gave,  
Hang darkly o'er me, broken-hearted,  
Nor gleams a hope this side the grave!  
  
When autumn winds are rushing,  
The withered leaves fly o'er the heath;  
But frosts that nip the flow'rets blushing,  
May chill the parent stem to death.  
  
The past seems as a shadow fleeing,  
And fate so oft has slain my peace,  
That what remains of my proud being,  
In silence sighs for its release.

## UP AND DOWN.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

"ALL is gone, Nettie; even the dear old home, where my life has grown up to this sad evening on which I am writing you. All is gone but the brave, earnest heart—the strong, hopeful spirit that God has given me, and that must go out soon into the world, and do good battle for itself and its loved ones. Ah, me! how the wind beats and bellows far off among the hills, this November night! and in my almost morbid frame of mind, I can liken it to nothing but a great spirit sending out its defiant challenge to all adverse times and circumstances.

"My tears are gone, too, Nettie, for the time has come for me to work, *not* weep. I am glad that it is autumn now, for it will not be so hard to leave the old parsonage, as it would be if the grass and the trees were green, and the birds singing about it.

"Do you remember, Nettie, the purple and white lilacs in the front garden, where the robins came every spring? Then the sweet-brier that climbed over the dairy porch, that the hands which are folded under this gray autumn grass used to delight so in dressing; and my pear-tree, and mamma's flowers, whose budding and blossoming she has watered for a score and a half of years. O, blessed past! lost Eden! walled around and locked up—sometimes my heart comes to thy gates, and cries out with a great longing to wander through thy pleasant places once more!

"There, it's over now, Nettie, and I'm strong again. What wonder if the old memories sometimes overpower me! Next week the furniture will be sold. We are going to the city, because Deacon White has procured Willie a situation in a mercantile store there, which will defray his board expenses the first year; but we shall have him with us, and that will be a great comfort, you know, for he is papa, every inch of him.

"Poor mamma! this great affliction, has completely overwhelmed her. You know what a gentle, vine-like nature she has, and how completely it *rested* on the stronger one of my father. Well, God blessing me, I will take his place to her, and our bruised hearts may yet come out from this 'valley of the shadow of death,' unto the light on the mountain top. Our friends are very kind to us, as are all the parishioners. Several of these have offered us homes in their own households; but I would rather toil night and day than live a life of dependent indolence. I shall teach, if I can procure any sort of situation when I get to the city.

Heaven takes care of those who take care of themselves, and the God of the widow and the fatherless will not forget me."

So wrote Maggie James to her school-mate, Henrietta Phillips, and I have transcribed for you this passage in the letter, because I thought it would afford you a better knowledge of the girl's mind and heart than any portraiture my pen could draw of them.

For the rest, I will tell it briefly. Her father was a country clergyman, whose sudden death, the previous September, had filled with mourning the whole parish, to whose spiritual interests he had ministered for a score of years.

His family roused themselves from the first torpor which great affliction usually induces, to find that they were penniless.

Mrs. James combined with her delicate physical constitution, one of those shrinking, mimosa natures, that are little fitted to meet and conquer the harsh experiences of life. But the children had inherited the more emphatic mind and will of their father. Margaret was coming into her twenty-second, and William into his fourteenth winter, when this great darkness reached suddenly over their hitherto unclouded life-paths.

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"Hadn't you better let Bridget ask her down to dinner, Julia? She's a very genteel-looking girl, and seems to me it isn't quite the thing to sit her down to eat with the servants;" and the gentleman paused a moment to examine the edge of his carving-knife, before inserting it into the breast of an enormous turkey, whose savory odor would have tickled the olfactories of any paltry epicure.

"Really, Mr. Merton," answered the lady in elaborate dinner-dress, who sat opposite, "I am greatly surprised at your suggesting such a thing. Of course it would be very painful to your wife and children to eat with a sewing-girl, and when we have guests. Why, they'd think us decidedly vulgar." This was always Mrs. Merton's argument—all social afflictions the one to be mostly deprecated.

"Humph! I'll be bound few of them could tell whether she was a sewing-girl or an heiress. However, do as you like. Give a woman a few thousands, and don't she hold the social bars and bolts tight! Have a piece of the breast, Julia?"

"If you please; and do, Mr. Merton, in future recollect yourself before the children. Your notions are so shockingly democratic, I fear their influence over them."

"No danger of that, my dear, under the instructions of so vigilant a mother;" and a half-

bitter and half-satirical expression crossed the fine, well-preserved countenance of the gentleman, who was some twenty-five years his wife's senior.

"I wonder if they are sufficiently acquainted with their worthy father's history, to know that he made his first two thousand dollars at a shoemaker's bench?"

"Papa, papa, you don't mean to say you were ever a shoemaker?" The sweet, rippling voice was very full of surprise, and so was the face, beaming out from its clusters of berry-brown curls, as it was lifted from the plate.

"Yes, Ella, I do. Don't be ashamed of it, my little girl, either, for there are many things in your father's life of which he has less reason to be proud."

"If you intend to wound my feelings further by these allusions, I will save you the trouble by leaving the table."

Mr. Merton glanced up at the fair face, darkened by that very unwisely frowned. He was an easy, indulgent sort of husband; and though he had a thorough contempt for his wife's "aristocratic notions," as he termed them, he had a mortal dread of her moods.

"Well, let the thing drop, Julia," was his half-mollifying rejoinder; "I 'spose our family reminiscences are about as agreeable as are most of our neighbors."

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"Surely there must have been some mistake. Your mistress did not desire me to eat here?" A flush of indignant feeling wavered over the fair face of the girl, as she turned it from the kitchen-table, where two coarse-looking Irishmen had just ensconced themselves, and were beginning to eat.

The cook was a coarse, vulgar-looking woman, thoroughly obtuse to any refinement of person or character, else the gentle, impressive dignity with which the young lady addressed her would not have farther inflamed her visage, or given that tone that reminded you of a north-east wind in November, to her answer: "Yes, ma'am, she did, too. I reckon it won't hurt ye'se enny to sit down here, and eat with as honest people as ye'reself."

For a moment Margaret James stood still, while the heap of unwashed dishes, and the red, sheer-ing face seemed to wheel dizzily about her. It was but for a moment. Then the strong spirit and the calm judgment of the girl came to her aid.

Her course of action was determined on at once. With a quiet dignity that was more im-

pressive than any words could have been, she turned and walked out of the kitchen; and, except for the occasional quiver that would shake her sweet, proud mouth, and the deeper light in her large hazel-brown eyes, you would have thought her spirit was as quiet as her footsteps.

"Mrs. Merton, I think your domestic must have misapprehended your orders. Did you request her to take me down into the kitchen to eat with her and the hostler?" There was no waver in Margaret's voice as she asked the question.

Mrs. Merton sat before the bright grate fire, in a charming little boudoir, partitioned from the large sitting-room by the elaborate lace curtains that fell like folds of white mist to the floor.

The lady's head was bowed over her small palm, half-filled with the gold pieces her husband had just left there for the new purple velvet cloak his wife had set her heart upon.

She looked up, and there was something in Maggie's manner that brought a flush of shame into the haughty face; but she remembered that it was only a "sewing-girl" that had the audacity thus to address her, and answered, "We are not accustomed to have persons in our employ eat at our table. If I had known, however, you felt any reluctance to sitting down with the servants, I would have had your dinner sent to you."

"I shall be obliged if you will do so in future."

It was all the words Maggie's lips could frame. She went back to the little sewing-room, and all her moral strength gave way, and bowing her head on the window-ledge, the great sobs stormed through her heart. Do you think she was weak, reader? Do you think, that, knowing her moral and mental superiority to the woman whom circumstances alone had elevated to a *grander*, not a greater social position, she should have smiled a half-pitiful, half-contemptuous smile, and gone on quietly with her work?

I do not deny all this; but have you, who sit in judgment upon her now, no weaknesses of heart or mind, no seasons of dread for the world's opinion, no times of yielding to its unwarrantable exactions? Besides that, remember Maggie's delicate, refined, poetic temperament, and how her life had climbed up like a pleasant path through green, shady valleys, to the morning of its womanhood.

How suddenly the storm had arisen, and the darkness had reached over it! And now as she sits there, with the big tears rolling into her lap, the poor girl's thoughts reach out from her aching heart, to the old evenings when she sat with

her parents and Willie, in the tree-girdled home that will never be theirs again! Poor Maggie! she was her father's darling; and to think now, how the heart that so cherished her lies under the cold, white muffling of the snow! Sorrow and disappointment had tracked her up through the six months since he left them.

Her mother and Willie have both been ill, and she could not obtain a situation in any school before spring. Their small funds were exhausted soon after their removal to the city, and through the intervention of a kind, but humble neighbor, she had obtained, for a few weeks, the plain sewing of Mrs. Merton's family. But take courage, sad heart! God and the angels will not forget thee! And in the coming years thou mayest turn to this dark illustration in thy life-folio, and find how those bitter expressions enlarged, and intensified, and enriched thy whole being.

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"My dear, haven't you something new on hand to read? I want to lay in some stories for the next rainy day; it's the only time I get to peep inside a book, and I can rely on your literary tastes to furnish me something new and refreshing." Mrs. James leaned over the table of the friend on whom she was calling, and read the titles of several elegantly-bound volumes while she spoke.

"Well, I really don't know, Julia," answered the mistress of the magnificent parlor, who prided herself no little on her critical acumen. "We have been thoroughly bored with a succession of platitudes in the way of books all summer. I have perfectly *longed* to get hold of something fresh and original. But, stop—have you read '*Flowers in the Desert*?' "

"No. What a charming title!"

"Yes; and it has created an unusual sensation, I assure you. Its touches of exquisite pathos, its high moral tone, and its rare delineations of character [the lady was quoting from a magazine review] are truly refreshing. The authoress is a young lady, whose father died last autumn, and left the family in very destitute circumstances. They say last winter she actually went out to plain sewing. But that only invests the book with more interest, you know!"

"What is the authoress's name?" queried Mrs. Merton, as she received the book from her friend's hand.

"Margaret James. You will find it on the title-page."

"Margaret James!" echoed the astonished lady, as she rose up, gathering about her the rich folds of her India shawl, "why, that was the young

girl who did my plain sewing several weeks last winter."

"You don't say so! Do tell me something about her: so many persons are crazy to see her."

But Mrs. Merton's reply was brief and unsatisfactory; for there flashed through her mind the unwelcome memory of Maggie's first day at her house.

"How provoking!" mentally ejaculated the lady, as she returned to her fine carriage. "I shouldn't wonder a bit if she should make me figure largely in her book, just out of spite. If I had only known she was a genius! To think, too, we sent her down to eat with the servants! Well, one thing's certain, I shan't mention it to Mr. Merton, for I've no doubt he'd chuckle over it. John, do pull up that blind;" and the lady settled herself back on her carriage-cushions with no very amiable tone or expression.

I do not like to write of such women, dear reader, but my pen would not be true to its mission, if I drew only bright pictures in the great illustration-book of humanity. There *are* women—alas! that their name is "*legion*"—whose hearts are as sterile, whose lives are as craven, whose aims are as base as were those of Mrs. Merton.

Alas! for the seed they sow over the fair vineyard of our national life—alas! for the diseases with which they inculcate the otherwise healthful social growth of our country; and *doubly alas!* for the account they must render up to Him, the great Being of humanity, whose royal lips have spoken, "For unto whom much is given, of them shall be much required."

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Fifteen years have passed. The afternoon of a sweet spring day is wearing into night. In one of the parlors of an elegant brown-stone cottage are seated two ladies, while a boy of some half-dozen summers is trundling a hoop over the blue flag-stones which sweep down to the front gate.

"There, mother, it's done! *Don't* you congratulate me?"

The younger of the ladies says this, as with a long-drawn sigh of relief she throws down her pen, and closes a small rosewood writing-desk, thickly inlaid with pearls. She is not handsome; but the delicate purity of her face, with its rich band of purplish-brown hair, is more than this, as she rises from her seat.

"Well, Maggie, I'm glad enough to hear you say that. Pray, don't take a pen into your hands for a week to come."

The last speaker is an old lady. Her pale,

mild face beams with motherly pride as she turns it on her child.

"You should be a better friend to my pen than you are, mother, when you think of all it has done for me."

She is pacing up and down the broad, tastefully-furnished room, her fingers unconsciously whirling round her watch-chain.

"I do think of it, Maggie, every day, and thank God for it, too. Don't I know that very pen has raised you from Margaret James, the poor orphan sewing-girl, to the authoress, admired and sought after by the greatest and wealthiest of the land?" Tears were gathering into the old woman's voice, and for this, and not because her theme was exhausted, she paused.

"But it has done more than this, mother," says the lady; and now the soul rises up into her fair face, till it seems sublimated and transfigured. "O, not because my pen has won me fame and flattery; not because it has filled my hands with the gold I *so* needed, and gathered around me that outward beauty that is such a joy to my spirit, do I most prize it, but because it has won me the affection of true and honest hearts, the blessings and the prayers of wounded and sorrowing spirits!"

"And it brought you another love, too, that pen of yours, dear child"—the old lady was catching something of her daughter's enthusiasm.

"Yes, mother, the crowning glory of all, it brought me the love of my husband." She said it with bowed head and reverently, for her heart was thanking God now.

"Come in, come in. Don't be afraid, mamma and grandmamma won't hurt you."

The voice was very eager as it broke into the room, and the next moment the golden curls of the speaker were thrust inside the door; and just in their shadow was another boy's face, thin and pale, and mournful, rendered still more so by its strange contrast with the bright, joyous one just beyond it.

"Why, Arthur, who is this? Come in, my child," said Mrs. Marshall, for this was Maggie James's name now.

"Why, mamma, you see this little boy's mother got very tired, and has fallen down in the hollow, by the creek. She can't speak a word; and looks as white as if she was dead. Won't you go and help her? quick, please, mother."

"Certainly, my child. Run and call Tom;" and Mrs. Marshall hurried out for her sun-bonnet. In her eagerness the lady outran her domestic; and in less than five minutes she stood by the prostrate woman.

She lay there, her white face half hidden in the damp, gray locks of grass that edges the creek; her plain straw-bonnet fallen back, while her long, abundant hair, sprinkled thickly with white locks, hung over her shoulders. Even in its pallid repose there was something of refinement and haughtiness in the face, that went to Mrs. Marshall's heart. Tom raised her very gently, and carried her into the house, where she was at last restored to consciousness.

"Mother, mother, speak to me!" and the boy leaned down his head, till his brown hair brushed his mother's face. She opened her eyes, and raised herself slowly from the pillow, staring at the strange faces, and murmuring, "Howard, we must keep on, if my head does ache, for the money is all gone."

But Mrs. Marshall took the stranger's hands—they were small and white ones—in her own, and urged her in her low, gentle voice, to remain with them during the night; and at last, from very-weariness, it must have been, for she seemed sensitively reluctant to accepting their hospitality, her head fell back on her pillow.

That night she was in a high brain fever, and, leaning over her, Mrs. Marshall learned the history of the woman's past. She told of a proud home, and a gay, luxurious life, of an indulgent husband, and fair, loving children. Then changes followed. First of all came a great failure; then death took the father when he was most needed; the removal to another and humbler home; the desertion of fashionable friends; the struggle of a proud, indolent nature with adverse circumstances, brought many tears to the eyes of Mrs. Marshall, as she leaned over the sick woman's pillow.

Then, one by one the bright heads of her children were lain under the summer grass, till only the youngest remained. Sickness had exhausted the woman's resources, and reading an advertisement for factory operatives in some obscure town in New England, she had resolved to go there and obtain employment.

The traveling expenses were greater than she had imagined, and she was obliged to walk the last ten miles; but before the distance was half completed she had sunken exhausted by the roadside, where Mrs. Marshall found her.

O, it was a pitiful story, rendered doubly so by those loud quivering tones and the wild, fever-bright eyes of the invalid! There was something in the face that did not seem altogether strange to Mrs. Marshall—something that seemed to take her memory far off, down into the dark valleys where her feet had walked in her youth.

She had met that face somewhere—it had looked out scornfully upon her—she was certain of it.

"My child, what is your mother's name?" she asked, drawing the boy to her, and smoothing the tangled hair from his forehead.

"Jane Merton, ma'am."

"Jane Merton! And was your father's name Robert Merton?" She gasped rather than spoke the words.

"Yes, ma'am."

Mrs. Marshall sank down by the bedside, covering her face with her hands, and murmuring, "It is God that raiseth up one and pulleth down another." No feeling of triumph, no emotion of petty revenge stirred the deep soul of the woman—its prayer was, that in true meekness of spirit she might take the great blessings God's hand had reached out to her.

Mrs. Merton never knew whose soft fingers smoothed her dying pillow, or whose sweet voice stole in like far-off music on the mad fears and fancies with which fever was filling her heart and brain. Where the little village church-yard slopes down into the green hollows they left to her quiet sleep the woman whose life-day had been a morning of brightness and luxury, and its afternoon one of distress and suffering.

Howard Merton became as another son to Mr. and Mrs. Marshall, for Newell was the only child God ever gave them.

O ye who walk through the "dark valleys," take these words to your heart and grow strong: "The end may be better than the beginning; and the patient in spirit is better than the proud in spirit."



#### THE PRODUCTIONS THAT ENDURE.

IT can not be expected that any productions, I except those of a merit at once dazzling and durable, will descend to posterity. If not dazzling they will never become known; if not durable, they will become known only to be forgotten. A reputation instantaneously kindled, is apt to be as instantaneously extinguished. There is a strong temptation to rest satisfied with present applause; and the mind skims along over the minds of the immediate generation; but takes no time to tower toward those regions where the illustrious—not of the day, but of all time—become immortal. The consequence is, that less pains is taken to evoke the celestial fire; the composition passes from the study without the labor of the file; and the object of the day or the year, being gained, posterity is too shadowy a tribunal to inspire either hope or fear.

#### THE STEPMOTHER—A STORY FOR CHILDREN.

"I AM going to have a new mother," said little Jane Norton to one of her school-mates. "A stepmother!" cried Susan, "it is horrid; she will treat you awfully." "She won't," said little Jane, "father won't let her." "She will," said Susan, "they always do; she'll make your father think you are one of the naughtiest girls in the world."

This was sorry news to poor Jane. When her father took her on his knee, and told her of a dear, new mother, she felt very glad; but if what Susan said was true, she had more reason to cry than to be glad. Some of the other girls thought as Susan did, though they did not express themselves so strongly; and when Bridget heard the news, she said, "Poor child!"

Enough had been said to fill Jane with tears, and even to make her cry after she went to bed, and nobody heard her. She wished she could die in her little bed; and she prayed to the Lord Jesus to fetch her to his home, where she was sure her own dear mother was. She always thought more about it after she went to bed, and many a night she fell asleep sobbing and praying, for she did not know that any body but God could help her.

The afternoon her mother was expected she went to Susan's, and would not come home till her father sent for her, and then she came into the room trembling. "I thought my little daughter would be at the door to give a kiss of welcome," said her father, taking her by the hand and leading her to the sofa, where a pleasant-looking lady was sitting. "This is our little daughter, and there is your new mamma, Jane." The new mamma tenderly kissed, and spoke kindly to the child; but Jane was very cold, she never answered nor looked up. The lady then took a blue silk apron from the bag, a present for the little girl; but Jane never thanked her; and so she made their first meeting very stiff and disagreeable. Her father looked disappointed, and Jane was thankful when it was time to go to bed. Then she cried again, but it was not so clear now what she cried for, there was nothing to find fault with the new mamma. Perhaps she felt that she had acted like an odd, sulky child, and that her behavior had grieved her father; for she ought to have trusted him, and have felt that if any good lady was willing to take a mother's care of her, how thankfully should she be her dutiful child. That is the way children should feel toward a new mother. If she is willing to undertake a mother's responsibility, how ready ought the children be to give her their obedient love!

"And how did you like her?" was Susan's first question, when she joined Jane the next morning on her way to school. "I don't know," answered the stepdaughter; "she wanted me to stay at home with her to-day, but I did not want to." "That's right," exclaimed Susan; "let her know you have a will of your own. Did you call her mother, Jane?" "No," answered Jane, "I did not call her any thing." "Well, she isn't your mother, Jane, and there's no use in calling her so." The little girl, I am sorry to say, listened to this counsel, though in her heart she was afraid it was wrong; and accordingly she behaved in a very unloving manner to her mother, and of course she made herself very unhappy. Children should remember that those people are not true friends, who try to make them so disobedient toward, and suspicious of those who have the care of them.

"Poor child!" said Susan's mother to her one day, "you don't look very happy; I am afraid your new mother is not kind to you." Jane turned very red, and that seemed to confirm the idea; but it was not true, and Jane was not generous enough to say so—sacrificed truth for pity, and in the end it only made her more unhappy. And so it went on for many weeks.

One Saturday afternoon Susan came over, and the children wanted to play in the barn. The new mother did not wish them to; but she gave them a little set of cups and saucers, and told them they might play in the summer-house. "O dear," cried Susan, making a wry face as soon as they were out of sight, "why not go into the barn? It's because she don't wish us to enjoy ourselves." "It's my father's barn," said Jane, pertly: "I have a right to go there, and I will." But they did not wish to appear to disobey, so they went down the garden, and took a round-about way to the barn. Jane led the way, and not much heeding her steps, she did not mind that a part of the barn-floor had been taken up to be repaired, till she walked off, and found herself wallowing in a gravel-pit under the barn-floor. "O dear!" she screamed, "I am half killed!" "Shall I call somebody?" cried Susan, trying to look down the hole. "No, indeed!" said Jane. How she managed to get out, I do not know; but she found herself in a sorry plight—bruised, scratched, her dress torn, and her ankle "feeling dreadful!" she said. They were afraid to go back to the house; and Susan persuaded her to go home with her, and have her ankle bathed. Poor Jane dragged herself along, and by the time she reached Susan's, it looked red and swollen.

It was late in the afternoon when Jane's father was seen approaching the house, and soon every thing had been told; but the pain of the sprain drowned for the time all Jane's other anxieties. Her father looked deeply grieved, as he took her in his arms to carry her home. "My poor child," said the new mamma, who was standing at the door to receive them, and learn what the matter was. Then she had a little cot put in her room, undressed the little girl as tenderly as could be, bathed her foot, spoke soothingly to her, and watched her nearly all night. Jane wished she had scolded her, for she was sure she did not deserve all this patient kindness, and her heart was almost bursting with shame and sorrow.

The next morning, when they hoped the pain was abated, a great sob burst from her full heart. "My dear daughter, I hoped you were easier," said the new mamma, gently stroking the hair from the forehead. "Mother, dear mother, my own mother," exclaimed the child, holding out her arms to the kind friend who watched over her; and clasped her arms around her neck, murmuring, "I love you, my mother." It was indeed a kiss of love—of penitent love, for Jane was now thoroughly convinced that stepmothers were not the cruel beings some foolish people had tried to make them out, and that hers was a kind, loving, Christian mother, whom God had graciously sent to take the place of her first mother, who was in heaven. A tender intimacy sprang up between them, now that Jane gave her heart, nor would she ever afterward hear an unkind word spoken against her; and now that she has grown up, a lovely and interesting young woman, she says, with a heart overflowing with gratitude, "All that is worthy in me, I owe, under God, to my dear, dear second mother."

#### THE LAPIDARY OF MIND.

THE conduct of men with respect to knowledge furnishes a painful contrast to that which they exhibit in reference to many other things. Since men first discovered that certain stones were precious, and susceptible of a brilliant polish, there has been no want of diligence in searching for, and of labor in polishing them. A man finds one, pays a large sum for it, and straightway carries it to a lapidary, who polishes and adorns it, till it is thought worthy to glitter on a monarch's hand, or to be transferred to the diadem of a great people. Yet, is there any comparison between such a stone, however beautiful or however precious, and an imperishable mind?

THE FALLEN MISSIONARY—MRS. ANNA M.  
WENTWORTH.

BY ELIZA C. GIBSON.

IT is often a source of wonder to the world, when a young man of talents, education, and one around whom bright hopes are clustering, expresses his wish and determination to go to a heathen land, to fulfill the divine commission, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature."

But is not wonder coupled with admiration, when a lady of superior natural endowments, of cultivated mind and taste, and of the finest susceptibilities, reared in affluence, and one whose sensitive heart ever leads her to shun public gaze, devotes herself to the missionary work in a distant land!

Such a one was ANNA M. WENTWORTH, the subject of this sketch. She was blest with a pious and devoted mother, the language of whose heart was, when brought to the test, as to whether she would give her daughter to the missionary work, "Go, my daughter, and I wish it were my privilege to give *all* my children to the same glorious work." With such a mother, we are not surprised that Anna M. Lewis was in early life brought to a saving knowledge of the truth, and that her zeal for God prompted her to deeds of usefulness.

We find her in the chamber of want and suffering, administering to the necessities of the body and soul. Many in the dark alleys and dismal attics of her native place—West Chester, Penn.—will mourn sincerely when the news of her death reaches them: they will speak of her mildly-beaming eye, and quiet smile, which, like a sunbeam, brought peace and joy to their dwellings. Yes, many a Christian, poor in this world's goods, will "arise and call her blessed," and pay her memory the tribute of tears. Would not such a tribute be dearer to the Christian, than that which is often paid to kings and heroes?

We also find her actively engaged in the Sabbath school. She was a successful Sabbath school teacher; and why? Her heart was in the work. It was no task for her to point the youthful mind to Christ, to give "line upon line, and precept upon precept." Thus she *commenced* her missionary labors in her native land.

On the 31st of October, 1854, she was united in marriage to Rev. E. Wentworth, D. D., who had previously been appointed missionary to China, thus evincing that she had not been mistaken in her love for the missionary work; for

when Providence opened a path, her willing feet shrank not from it, though it led her from home and loved ones. Probably no one was ever more susceptible of the warmest attachments than Mrs. W. She had an unusual love for home and friends, which never faltered, or grew less after she was separated from them. On the 8th of January, 1855, they sailed from New York, on the bark *Storm*, and Mrs. W. bade a tearful, though a pleased farewell to her native land, and the scenes of early years.

She stood upon the deck of the vessel, on that beautiful morning, and saw the shore recede, and with it much that she tenderly loved. As she beheld the glittering spires of Christian churches pass forever from her sight, she thought of the future. She knew that she was going to a land where no Christian spires pointed heavenward. She knew that she would in a great measure be deprived of Christian privileges and Christian society. But she shrank not from future trials.

We can but admire the piety and zeal of one so gifted and accomplished, who, in the bloom of youthful vigor, devoted her time, talents, energies, nay, even her life, to the wants of the perishing millions of China. She did not go to her work heedlessly, or with visionary and romantic ideas of missionary labor. She counted the cost before engaging in the enterprise; and thus she was enabled, with so much composure, to take final leave of friends, dear as life itself. She suffered from seasickness, as those unaccustomed to ocean life usually do; and was without a female friend during all that long passage. They arrived in Hong-Kong, May 24th, where she was attacked with diarrhea, which lasted till her death.

At length, on the 18th June, they reached Fuh-Chau, the place of their anticipated labor in the missionary field. But it was not Mrs. Wentworth's lot to labor. She came to suffer and to die. Her pale cheek, languid eye, and weary step seemed to ask for rest—rest and quiet. But then came the care and perplexity inseparably connected with unpacking, and arranging for housekeeping. For about two months she struggled with debility and disease, when, after the birth of her little daughter, August 12th, her friends fondly expected that she would regain her former health and strength.

She seemed recovering, became able to walk into an adjoining room, and rode out a number of times in a sedan; but she soon began to decline. But why strive to recall the gradual sundering of the bonds of life? None but those far remote from home and kindred, whose society is

limited to a few who speak the language of their native land, can realize how, like a cold, dead weight, the thought presses upon the heart, that one much loved and valued must leave them alone to toil and sow in tears. Who can tell of all the heart-sinkings, of anguish, the tears, the fervent prayers, that she might be spared to her friends, and to labor in the vineyard of the Lord!

But, ah! they sought to stay on earth a spirit ripe for heaven! Her medical adviser became alarmed about her, and her friends all felt that an extra effort must be made for her recovery. Accordingly, on the 23d September, she was removed to the house of Mr. Maclay, where it was hoped that the most constant care and tender nursing would do what medical skill had failed in doing. But the settled conviction of *her* mind was, that she must die. She also expressed a readiness for death. She felt that to die was gain.

It was no task, but rather a pleasure to sit beside that Christian lady, and minister to her wants, she was so patient, so gentle, so grateful for the smallest favors, and her spirit and converse savored so much of heaven. She ever spoke calmly and smilingly of death; and often mentioned the goodness of God in sparing her reason and faculties of mind so perfect, and in giving her dying grace, now in her time of need. At times she suffered severe bodily pain, but no murmur escaped her lips; she more frequently spoke of her comforts and blessings than her sufferings. At one time, on the Saturday before her death, she was thought to be dying, but her calmness and serenity of mind never for an instant forsook her. She wished her friends to assemble in her room for prayer, and requested them to sing, "Jesus, lover of my soul," to the tune "Eltham." Beautiful words they ever are, but they seemed unusually beautiful and appropriate at that time. Every voice was faltering—tears dimmed every eye—every eye but *hers*. She alone was calm. The luster of her eye was undimmed, her countenance wore its usually-sweet and subdued expression. It was a solemn time, and all felt that the dying Christian was sustained by heavenly faith, in that hour when it seemed that the vail was removing which separates time from eternity. She gradually grew weaker during the Sabbath, but rested some through the night. Monday she seemed no worse, but on Tuesday it was evident there was a change; her diarrhea was checked, vomiting ceased, and she suffered but little pain; hope almost revived again; but it was only the lull of nature before its last great effort.

Through the afternoon and evening she was

considerably troubled with difficulty of respiration, which, together with her weakness, made it very difficult for her to articulate so as to be understood. At about half-past nine o'clock, P. M., she attempted to cough, but was too weak for the effort. She said, "Raise me up;" she was instantly raised to a sitting posture; and upon Dr. Wentworth's leaving her for an instant to get a glass of water, she called him back, saying, "Hold me, hold me!" It was instantly seen that she was in the waters of Jordan, and its cold spray was dashing upon her hands and brow. She lingered thus about two hours, when, at half-past eleven, P. M., her pure spirit took its flight. And none who were there, and had seen the "fettered soul's releasing," could weep for *her*. There seemed such a settled conviction on every mind that she had ended all suffering, and that she was now enjoying that rest for which she had so earnestly longed, that no one could shed a tear for her. But there were those for whom it seemed fitting to weep. There sat a bereaved husband, bowed with grief, whose name the departed had borne for only eleven months; and the path he was now treading was not the less thorny because he had trodden it before. He could scarcely realize that the bright and lovely being, who had rendered the past few months so happy by her presence and her smiles, had really left him to journey alone through this vale of tears. She was dead. How the thought overwhelmed him! There was also a young lad who was now for the second time left motherless. Surely it was fitting to weep for him, who so early in life had been deprived of a mother's teachings and a mother's prayers. And there was yet another who claimed the warmest sympathy—the little unconscious babe, who knew nothing of the loss it had sustained: it wept not then; but, ah! its time to weep will come in after years. It will feel the need of a mother's sympathy and a mother's love. Two days before her death, Mrs. Wentworth called for her pocket Bible; and after requesting it to be preserved for the child, with her dying hand wrote on the flyleaf: "Anna Lewis Wentworth, with the love and blessing of her dying mother, together with her earnest prayer that its holy precepts may lead her to meet her in heaven. September 30, 1855." God grant that the *Bible* may be her guide and director, till she, too, is lodged safe in heaven, where all tears are wiped away!

Her funeral services were held at five o'clock, P. M., the next day, at the house of Mr. Maclay, and conducted by him. The missionary families of the sister Churches, who had rendered every

assistance in their power during her sickness, were in attendance, together with the other American citizens of the place. A large number of Chinese followed to the grave, where the beautiful burial service was read to a solemn and attentive assembly. The coffin was lowered to its narrow bed, and surviving friends turned saddened and tearfully away to the duties of life. Thus passed away Mrs. Wentworth, October 2, 1855, in the twenty-seventh year of her age. Her dust mingles not with that of kindred and friends, in her native land. A mother's tears fall not upon her grave; a father's sighs fan not the flowers that bloom above it; brothers and sisters may not kneel beside it, and speak fondly and tearfully of Anna. But the soil of China will keep sacredly the remains of our loved one. Perchance, the Chinese mother will lead her daughters hither, when she wishes to seal instruction on their youthful minds. Beside the graves of those three missionary ladies—Mrs. Wentworth's grave is between those of Mrs. White and Mrs. Wiley—she will tell them of the Christian's God and the Christian's heaven. Pointing to the graves she may tell the story of the cross, and that these followers of Jesus, filled with love for their deathless spirits, had broken from the endearments of home and friends, had exposed themselves to perils and dangers, to teach the "*daughters of China*" the way to heaven. Think you the tale of their sufferings, their patience, their blameless lives, and triumphant deaths, would have no influence on the tender mind? The missionary, though departed, does not cease to be useful. The grave has a language, though silent; yet it speaks to the heart. Here is a practical illustration, that for the love of perishing souls, the Christian counts not his life dear unto himself.

In the cemetery the missionary loves to linger. It is there that he gets his hopes brightened for heaven, his wavering faith strengthened, and new ardor to pursue his toilsome work. The mission field could not give up its graves. They are the connecting link between earth and heaven. While they serve as monitors, to teach the frailty of life, they are ever reminding us of the *rest of heaven*.

#### AN UNCHANGEABLE RULE.

THERE are exceptions to every rule but the rule of three; that is never changed. As your income is to your expenditure, so will the amount of your debts be to your cash in hand, and your consequent ability to meet them.

#### RIZPAH.

BY AUGUSTA MOORE.

"But the king took the two sons of Rispah the daughter of Aiah, whom she bare unto Saul, Armoni and Mephibosheth; and the five sons of Michal the daughter of Saul; . . . . and he delivered them into the hands of the Gibeonites, and they hanged them in the hill. . . . And Rizpah, the daughter of Aiah took sackcloth, and spread it for her upon the rock, from the beginning of harvest until the water dropped upon them out of heaven, and suffered neither the birds of the air to rest on them by day, nor the beasts of the field by night." 2 SAMUEL, xxi, 8-10.

O mystic harp, that in Apollo's hand  
Inspired c'en rocks and stones with living power,  
Obey the magic of a feeble wand,  
That fain would sweep thy strings one fleeting  
hour!

In all the realm of story or of song,  
Where can a theme more sorrowful be found,  
Than Rizpah's doom—her watch beside her dead?  
O hapless mother! widowed, childless one!  
How bleeds the heart at mention of thy name!  
For with it rises on the spirit's view  
The hill, the rock, the tree, where thy young sons  
Than whom no sons were *ever* better loved—  
Suffered a shameful death of lingering pain.  
Alas poor mother! kneeling there alone,  
Upon the heavy sackcloth thou didst spread  
Beside thy murdered ones! Thy brow was pale,  
And shaded by a black and dismal cloud,  
The heavy hopelessness of dull despair.

He who can think upon that dreadful watch—  
That watch of unexampled agony and faith—  
Nor feel emotion heaving in his breast,  
"Who'e'er he is, is *more* or *less* than man."

Before her seven of her kindred hung!  
And two, *her own bright sons*, in ghastly death;  
They who had sported, in their infancy,  
In the soft sunshine of her happy smile.

Sons of a mighty king, how her fond heart  
Had gloried in their fast increasing strength;  
Their princely bearing, and their loving hearts!  
High hopes were hers; she saw their banners wave,  
Their names rank highest 'mid the wise and brave;  
Heaven's choicest gifts on their young heads de-  
scend—

Brilliant but fleeting dreams—and *this* the end.  
O desolation! *can* thy annals show  
Intenser anguish or more bitter woe?

All the long day  
The merciless and blazing eastern sun  
Beat down upon her, but she left them not.  
No bird of heaven might rest its weary wing  
Upon those youthful limbs, so helpless now.  
With constant, tireless care she guarded them  
From touch profane of every living thing.  
At night no beast came nigh them, for she staid,  
Careless of all the noisome, evil things  
That haunt the darkness—that abide in gloom.

Unmindful of the chills, the damps of night,  
In grief's abandonment the mourner sate—  
O! what was left for Rizpah's heart to fear?  
Night after night the faithful watch she kept,  
And, if she slept at all, the flinty rock  
Supported her whose pillow was of yore,  
In the sweet spring-time of her life and hopes,  
A kingly bosom.  
The jetty locks that Saul with gentle hands,  
And with a woman's tenderness, had smoothed,  
Whispering the still remembered words of love,  
Were all uncared for now, tangled and blanched  
By misery and horror more than years.  
O proud! O beautiful! O erring king!  
Where was the sight of thy prophetic eye,  
When that young, blushing trembler thou didst  
clasp,  
For the first time, in love's entranced embrace?  
How soon thy bliss had changed to agony,  
Had the dark veil which all the future hides  
Rolled high, revealing its appalling scenes;  
Had the red battle-field where thou wert doomed  
To die a vanquished and dishonored king,  
Risen upon thy vision, or the hill  
Where thy young sons must writhe in agony,  
And die in torture for their father's sins,  
Blasted thy sight and curdled all thy blood!  
The smiles and kisses that thy lips bestowed  
On Judah's maid of beauty had giv'n place  
To groans, and bitter words, if on thine ear,  
Sharpened to hear the future's harrowing sounds,  
Thy Rizpah's wail beside her dead had rung.  
Wild on the midnight air her shrill voice rose;  
And David's iron warriors shrank in fear,  
While listening to that breaking heart's lament.  
The doleful notes of that funeral wail  
Night after night were poured along the hill.  
"I can not weep,  
O God! O God! this anguish is too deep!  
Tears will not flow;  
Their fount is dried by this fierce, burning woe;  
Never another tear shall Rizpah shed,  
Though every thing she loved from earth has fled!  
My sons! my sons! how pale ye are, and chill!  
But death has spared your regal beauty still.  
His fearful hues not yet your bodies wear,  
But soon will foul corruption batten there.  
O murdered ones, when ye to me were given,  
I dreamed no longer of the bliss of heaven!  
Earth was too glorious, with its springing flowers,  
For me to think of heaven's eternal hours.  
My cup of life foamed high with joy and love,  
Earth had no sweeter bliss for me to prove;  
But I have lived to see my children slain,  
And to implore a grave for them in vain!  
Saul! sleepest thou? Awake! O, Arm of strength!  
'Tis Rizpah calls—return, return at length.  
The God of Israel heareth not my cry;  
The heart he made he leaves to bleed and die;  
The frame he fashioned thrills with agony,

And yet, O yet, he doth not pity me.  
Wake thou my king, my warrior true and brave,  
And find thy kinsmen and thy sons a grave;  
Then bear me with thee to the unknown shore  
Where thou art dwelling, and I ask no more!  
No world were dreary wert thou only there;  
And, O, without thee, none were bright or fair!"

## SONG FOR THE AFFLICTED SAINT.

BY REV. SAMUEL WILLIAMS WIDNEY.

A mingled cup we drink, below,  
Of joy and bitter sorrow;  
We smile to-day, nor do we know  
The tears we'll shed to-morrow.  
Our hearts are light,  
Our prospects bright,  
Our faces beam with gladness;  
We meet again,  
And see with pain  
The low'ring cloud of sadness.  
To-day, amidst domestic bowers,  
The purest sweets inhaling,  
To-morrow, o'er our withered flow'rs,  
With riven hearts we're wailing.  
On earthly ground  
No joys are found,  
On which our hearts may fasten;  
But gloomy fears,  
And sighs and tears,  
Our sanguine spirits chasten.  
And yet how prone, alas! we are,  
To dote on earthly pleasures!  
God breaks the spell to let us see  
How vain our cherished treasures.  
'Tis well to know  
That here below  
We've no abiding city;  
Nor can the heart  
That feels no smart  
So well know how to pity.  
But, lo! a heavenly form appears,  
And whispers consolation;  
Dismiss your sorrows, dry your tears,  
And cease your lamentation.  
Lo! from the skies  
A Father's eyes  
Look down on all your sorrow;  
Toil on, pray on,  
And soon will dawn  
For you a brighter morrow.  
For you the blessed Savior, now,  
A mansion is preparing:  
Toil on—soon will your care-worn brow  
A heavenly crown be wearing.  
There friends shall meet  
In union sweet,  
Which death no more shall sever;  
But full relief  
From every grief  
Shall be your song forever.

## THE BEAUTIFUL WORKS OF GOD.

BY A LADY READER.

"Tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,  
Sermons in stones, and good in every thing."

A GENTLEMAN was walking on the busy, crowded street of one of our cities, at a time when the planet Venus was in that part of her orbit when she might be seen at noon-day. He, with his thoughts ever upward, observed it; but also observed that the throng before him had thoughts and eyes only for things earthly. He touched a stranger, in passing, directing his attention to the beautiful star. He looked and admired, then called the attention of his next neighbor. So our friend induced here and there one to see it, and influenced others, so that when he had reached the end of the street, he looked back upon the entire crowd, whose feelings had, for a moment at least, been diverted from the sordid to the beautiful. Would it not be well for all to break away, for a few moments daily, from the necessary avocations of life that so weigh down the soul, and *learn to look*—for this art of seeing is rarely practiced if possessed—at the Creator's works about us? Is there not an apathy of heart toward nature and its mighty Author, who is so "wonderful in working?" Is he not grieved by the general *neglect* of so many manifestations of himself which surround us? Even stern winter's icy reign does not conceal those beauties, but only gives us other views of them. Beginning with my window, I find

"A tasteful hand the frost hath,  
For on the storied pane  
I saw its Alpine landscape traced,  
With arch and sculptured fane.  
And old cathedrals reared their towers  
With Gothic tracery bound."

Through my window I look at the country where there is not a dwelling to be seen except dimly in the far distance, and where, to some, desolation only reigns. But to the practiced eye and cultivated heart, there is enough of beauty to call forth adoring praise. Near is a grove of majestic oaks, grand even in their winter life. They heed not the storm, but in silent, patient waiting, will, ere long, be clothed again. The evening sun, as it breaks in splendor from the dark clouds, throws their shadows upon the pure, white snow, thus doubling this beautiful grove, and reminding us of classic grounds. The sunrises and settings kindle our souls into a flame, and make us feel how poor are all human efforts to paint like Him who made the light, and only

occasionally displays to us its hidden colors. Not far on our right is the lake—"proud Lake Michigan." Sometimes she is as calm, gentle, and beautiful as a sleeping infant. Daily we may hold a few moments' converse with it. Now the beautiful only is displayed. "The fairy moonbeams, the dancing moonbeams, each with his playmate ripple blending, on the lake a happy band." Again we look upon her and would turn away from her angry roar beneath a sky black in sullen silence. Then again we have the bass in nature's anthem. Her billows heave, and break, and dash upon the shore the casement which has been the noiseless wark of a midwinter's night. These myriads of fragments make us feel that some Alpine avalanche has found its rest before us. But this "desolate" country is full of beauty; and so is every portion of this earth. "O Lord, how manifold are thy works!" "The earth is full of thy riches." On every hand there are "tongues," and "books," and "sermons," whose sweet winds would melt the bands of the sordid; and would refresh the burdened and weary would they but listen.

## ALL SCIENCE LEADS UP TO GOD.

REST calm in the thought that all science leads up to God; and that those very things which seem most mysterious in their nature, and atheistic in their corollaries, will, when the key of such dim and seemingly-confused hieroglyphics is discovered, only fill the soul with the greatest astonishment that they were never deciphered before, and never brought out their creative Author. More than this, rest convinced, without impatient, rash, and timid interpretation of the word of God on the one side, and cold unphilosophical scorn of science and speculation on the other, that *all* truth, truth physical and moral, truth revealed in fact, and truth revealed in language, for both are revelations, whether in nature or in Scripture, must harmonize—and that it will ultimately be found that His hand who guided the fingers of Moses in his rapid sketches, which itself unrolled the rich, interior glory of immortality, and achieved its mightiest conquest when it seemed weakest and most degraded, laid the foundations of the hill on which He died; created that sun which was eclipsed in his sufferings; and evoked into existence, and impressed with simple but fixed laws the stars, the pavement of His home, into whose peace all his children shall be admitted, and from whose sublime elevation they shall behold, and study with quenchless rapture the harmonies of His universe!—*Rev. T. Archer.*

## SENECA'S PROPHECY.

BY REV. C. COLLINS, D. D.

THE alleged prophecy of the discovery of America by the Roman moralist and poet, Seneca, written about the year A. D. 50 has been vauntingly placed in comparison with the prophecies of Scripture. Infidelity has rejoiced over it as "great spoil." It has even dared to say, "Show us a prophecy from the Scriptures as perfectly fulfilled, and we, too, will believe them."

As this prophecy is both curious and interesting, not only as a specimen of successful poetic vaticination, but from the use that has been made of it, in the argument against revealed religion, a brief examination of it will not be without profit. It is found in the *Medea* of Seneca, and is part of the chorus at the close of Act ii, as follows:

"Already the deep surrenders and receives all laws. No Argo compacted by the hands of Pal-las and impelled illustrious by the oars of kings is now sought after. Any kind of a craft wanders over the sea. Every boundary is taken away, and cities have reared walls in new lands. The penetrable earth has left nothing in the place in which it was. The Indian drinks the frozen Araxes. The Persians quaff the Elbe and the Rhine. In late years a time shall come in which the ocean shall relax the bonds of things, and a great land shall be discovered. Tethys shall un-vail new worlds, and Thule shall no longer be the utmost extremity of the earth."

We subjoin the Latin poetry of which the above is a translation:

"Nunc jam cessit pontus, et omnes  
Patitur leges. Non Palladia  
Compacta manu regum referens  
Inclita remos queritur Argo;  
Quaelibet altum cymba pererrat.  
Terminus omnis motus, et urbes  
Muros terra posuere, nova.  
Nil, qua fuerat sede, reliquit  
Pervius orbis.  
Indus gelidum potat Araxen;  
Albin Persae Rhenumque bibunt.  
Venient annis secula seris  
Quibus Oceanus vincula rerum  
Laxet, et ingens pateat tellus,  
Tethysque novos detegat orbes.  
Nec sit terris ultima Thule."

Considered in connection with the discovery of America afterward, the prediction is remarkable. In later times the invention of the mariner's compass gave boldness to navigation, and this, in turn, engendered a spirit of discovery. The "bonds of the ocean were relaxed." A "great land was discovered"—"new worlds were un-

vailed," and Thule was no longer the earth's extreme. But no one pretends that the poet was under the influence of Divine inspiration. In the prophecies of the Old and New Testament we appeal to fulfillment as proof of inspiration. If the proof is good in one case, why is it not in the other? Why apply a rule to Moses and Isaiah which we refuse to Seneca? With this difficulty the infidel presses the Christian believer. Let us see if the difficulty will not dissolve before the light of investigation.

For this purpose we will bring Seneca into comparison with Moses. Seneca uttered his prediction about fifteen centuries before its alleged fulfillment in the discovery of America by Columbus. Moses uttered that remarkable prophecy—Deuteronomy xxviii—respecting the dispersion and calamities of the Jews about the same length of time before its fulfillment commenced in the destruction of Jerusalem by Titus. In two respects, therefore, it will be admitted that the predictions are alike. Each was uttered about fifteen centuries before its fulfillment, and each has been fulfilled in a remarkable manner. Beyond these the resemblance stops.

It will be noted that the prediction of Seneca is simple. It foretells but *one* thing, and that in general terms. "A time shall come in remote years in which the boundaries of the ocean shall be extended, and a great land be unvailed." This is the substance of the whole thought, and it expresses but one idea. If now the reader will take the trouble to refer to the extended and terrible prophecy of Moses above referred to, he will find it in this respect to differ. Indeed, no difference could be more marked and striking. The curses pronounced against the Jews in the event of their disobedience are so many and various, and so full of specification, that the conviction fastens itself at once upon the mind that no political sagacity could be keen enough, and no merely human philosophy prescient enough to divine from things, then transpiring, the course which events, even in the general, would take at the distance of fifteen hundred years, much less to give, in accurate detail, the *particulars* of a *long system* of events. If Moses had said to the Jews, in the event of forgetting the God of their fathers, that he would forsake them and give them up a prey to their enemies, this would have been a simple prediction merely. We should then acknowledge the necessity of placing it in the same category with the prediction of the heathen poet. Merely human foresight, under the influence of true religious faith, might perhaps discern with sufficient clearness the connec-

tion between moral cause and effect to predict such a result. But how different is the case when we come to describe a whole series of events, having due order and succession, and so linked together as to constitute a complex system of many and wonderful parts! In the latter case no human foresight could discern, and falsehood would at once be snared. In the former a lucky guess will sometimes be sufficient truly to foretell a future event. In their predictions the heathen oracles were not *always* false.

But the due impression of this subject can not be given without quoting somewhat at length the words of Moses. To be as brief as possible, we omit what is general and present only the more special points.

"But it shall come to pass, if thou wilt not hearken unto the voice of the Lord thy God, to observe to do all his commandments and his statutes which I command thee this day; that all these curses shall come upon thee and overtake thee. The Lord shall cause thee to be smitten before thine enemies; thou shalt go out one way against them, and flee seven ways before them, and shalt be removed into all the kingdoms of the earth; and thy carcass shall be meat unto all the fowls of the air, and unto the beasts of the earth, and no man shall fray them away. The Lord shall smite thee with madness, and blindness, and astonishment of heart, and thou shalt grope at noonday as the blind gropeth in darkness, and thou shalt not prosper in thy ways, and thou shalt be only oppressed and spoiled evermore, and no man shall save thee. The Lord shall bring thee, and the king which thou shalt set over thee, unto a nation which neither thou nor thy fathers have known; and thou shalt become an astonishment, a proverb, and a by-word among all nations whither the Lord shall lead thee. Therefore shalt thou serve thine enemies which the Lord shall send against thee, in hunger, and in thirst, and in nakedness, and in want of all things; and he shall put a yoke of iron upon thy neck, till he have destroyed thee. The Lord shall bring a nation against thee from far, from the end of the earth as swift as the eagle flieth; a nation whose tongue thou shalt not understand; a nation of fierce countenance which shall not regard the person of the old, nor show favor to the young. And he shall besiege thee in all thy gates, till thy high and fenced walls come down, wherein thou trustedst throughout all thy land, which the Lord thy God hath given thee. And thou shalt eat the fruit of thine own body, the flesh of thy sons and of thy daughters, which the Lord thy God hath given thee, in the siege

and in the straitness wherewith thine enemies shall distress thee: so that the man that is tender and delicate among you, and very delicate, his eye shall be evil toward his brother, and toward the wife of his bosom, and toward the remnant of his children which he shall leave: so that he will not give to any of them of the flesh of his children whom he shall eat, because he hath nothing left him in the siege and in the straitness wherewith thine enemies shall distress thee in all thy gates. The tender and delicate woman among you, which would not adventure to set the sole of her foot upon the ground for delicateness and tenderness, her eye shall be evil toward the husband of her bosom, and toward her son, and toward her daughter, and toward her young one that cometh out from between her feet, and toward her children which she shall bear; for she shall eat them for the want of all things secretly in the siege and straitness wherewith thine enemies shall distress thee in thy gates. And the Lord shall scatter thee among all people, from the one end of the earth even to the other; and there thou shalt serve other gods, which neither thou nor thy fathers have known, even wood and stone. And among these nations shalt thou find no ease, neither shall the sole of thy foot have rest; but the Lord shall give thee a trembling heart, and failing of eyes, and sorrow of mind: and thy life shall hang in doubt before thee; and thou shalt fear day and night, and shalt have no assurance of thy life."

Such, and much more, are the awful predictions uttered by Moses against the Jewish people, just at the time when, flushed with victory over their enemies, they were about to take possession of the lands and cities which they had conquered. Nothing in their condition then could have justified or suggested such auguries of evil. No political sagacity, looking down through the long vista of fifteen hundred years, could, by any possibility, have foreseen their remote apostasy, and the series of calamities consequent thereon, unrolling themselves in wonderful succession and producing a continued fulfillment of the prophecy even down to our times. Observe, too, the clear and confident language of this remarkable prophecy. No cloaking of the vague and uncertain events of the future under equivocal and unmeaning generalities, as was the case with the heathen oracles. No double-meaning dodges the responsibility of specific declaration. The progress of events advances almost with the steady march of history. If the prophecy were not incontestable we could readily imagine it history. But respecting its fulfillment neither time nor

space permits us to discourse. If the reader would see this subject unfolded in its fullness, let him turn to Keith or Newton on the Prophecies, or Faber on the Difficulties of Infidelity. There he will see the overwhelming weight of historic testimony. History stands as the proof of prophecy. It thus becomes the support of religion, and the evidence of God's communications with men. This part of our subject we can conclude in no language of our own so appropriate as the following eloquent summary from Keith:

"These prophecies concerning the Jews are as clear as a narrative of the events. They are as ancient as the oldest records in existence, and it has never been denied that they were all delivered before the accomplishment of one of them. They were so unimaginable by human wisdom, that the whole compass of nature has never exhibited a parallel to the events. And the facts are visible and present, and applicable even to a hair's breadth. . . . Viewing only the dispersion of the Jews and some of its attendant circumstances—how their city was laid desolate—their Temple, which formed the constant place of their resort before, leveled with the ground and plowed over like a field—their country ravaged and themselves murdered in mass—falling before the sword, the famine, and the pestilence—how a remnant was left, but despoiled, persecuted, enslaved, and led into captivity—driven from their own land, not to a mountainous retreat, where they might subsist with safety, but dispersed among all nations, and left to the mercy of a world which every-where hated and persecuted them—shattered to pieces like the wreck of a vessel in a mighty storm—scattered over the earth like fragments on the waters, and instead of disappearing or mingling with the nations, remaining a perfectly distinct people, in every kingdom the same, retaining similar habits, and customs, and creed, and manners in every part of the globe, though without ephod, teraphim, or sacrifice—meeting every-where the same insult, and mockery, and oppression—finding no resting-place without an enemy soon to dispossess them—multiplying amid all their miseries—surviving their enemies—beholding unchanged the extinction of many nations and the convulsions of all—robbed of their silver and of their gold, though cleaving to the love of them still, as the stumbling-block of their iniquity—often bereaved of their very children—disjoined and disorganized, but uniform and unaltered—ever bruised but never broken—weak, fearful, sorrowful, and afflicted—often driven to madness by the spectacle of their own misery—taken up in the lips of

talkers—the taunt, and hissing, and infamy of all people, and continuing ever, what they are to this day, the sole proverb common to the whole world—how did every fact, from its very nature, defy all conjecture, and how could mortal man, overlooking a hundred successive generations, have foretold any one of these wonders that are now conspicuous in these latter times? Who, but the Father of spirits, possessed of perfect prescience, even of the knowledge of the will and of the actions of free, intelligent, and moral agents, could have revealed their unbounded and yet unceasing wanderings, unveiled all their destiny, and unmasked the minds of the Jews and of their enemies in every age and in every clime? It is a visible display of the power and of the prescience of God—an accumulation of many miracles."

But to recur again to the prophecy of Seneca. Simple, isolated, and solitary, this poetical vaticination, though remarkable in itself, presents but feeble claims to our respect when placed in comparison with the serial and complicated predictions of a truly divine inspiration. We discover in it no ground for the vauntings of infidelity. Indeed, if sincere in its promise, infidelity had long since surrendered its cavils, overpowered by the irresistible evidence which prophecy affords to the truth of the Bible.

It is not difficult, indeed, to trace the train of thought in the poet's mind when this prediction was uttered. The progress of the inventive arts, and especially of navigation, was a theme before him. In his own day great advances and discoveries had been made. Reasoning from the past, nothing was more natural than for the imagination running forward into the remote future, to predict still more glorious triumphs, and to anticipate great discoveries in the vast western ocean, the border only of which was then certainly known. Indeed, there is evidence that the existence of a "vast island," lying westward from Africa, "many days' navigation," was generally *believed* in the days of Seneca, if not certainly *known*. That intimation of future discovery, which the "shadow of coming events" is wont to cast upon the mind of the world, had already been received. Perhaps it was this, or perhaps some brave Phenician navigators, venturing out boldly from the Fortunate Islands into the western ocean, had visited the continent of South America, and, returning, had spread the report of such a land. If such a discovery was really made, thus early, its failure to obtain general credence and to be followed up by subsequent voyages, is no evidence against the *fact*. The

old world, with its science and art, was not then ripe for the acquisition of a new. The same thing occurred again in the tenth and eleventh centuries when the North American continent was discovered by the northmen. These bold and hardy navigators had already discovered and colonized Iceland, and pushing their adventures still further west, came upon the coast of Greenland, which was also colonized, and the town of Ericsford built by Eric the Red. It is now generally believed—on the authority of the publications of the Royal Antiquarian Society of Denmark—that Lief, the son of Eric, in the year 1000 sailed as far south as Nova Scotia, and even Massachusetts and the adjacent islands. In the above publications we have accounts of a voyage undertaken A. D. 1014 by two brothers from Iceland, in company with Thorwald, son-in-law of Eric; and during the remainder of the eleventh century, it is stated that a communication was kept up from Greenland to America. Yet discoveries like these, so stupendous in their character, seem not to have made any strong impression upon the mind of Europe. America ceased to be visited, and a knowledge of its discovery gradually faded from the recollection of the age.

In like manner there is reason for believing that the Phenician navigators had discovered America previous to the downfall of that maritime power, and that traditions of this fact were current at Rome. If so, the prediction of Seneca is not deserving the credit which has generally been allowed it.

In the historian Diodorus Siculus, we have the following remarkable paragraph:

“Having treated of the islands on this side of the pillars of Hercules, we will proceed to those which are in the ocean. Opposite, then, to Africa, lies an island in the main sea, vast in extent, and lying westward at the distance of many days navigation. Its soil is fruitful, partly mountainous and partly champaign. Navigable rivers intersect and water it. Forests abound in it, planted with various sorts of trees, and its towns contain many sumptuous edifices. Its climate is singularly mild, so that trees bear fruit during the greater part of the year. On the whole, it is so happy a region that it may well be deemed the habitation rather of gods than of men. This island was long unknown, on account of its great distance from the rest of the world; but ultimately the following causes led to its discovery. The Phenicians from the most remote time were wont to undertake distant voyages for the sake of traffic. Hence they planted many colonies in Africa, and not a few in western Europe. Their

affairs prospering, and their riches increasing, they were at length tempted to push beyond the columns of Hercules into the main sea. In such expeditions they first built Gades and explored the coast of Africa. Afterward, being caught by a tempest, they were hurried away, after a voyage of many days, to the large island which has been described. From them the knowledge of its extraordinary value and fertility was communicated to others; insomuch that the Tuscans, when they gained the empire of the sea, purposed to have colonized it, but they were prevented by the jealousy of the Carthaginians. For that people wished to reserve it as a refuge for themselves in case their republic should ever be brought into danger; because they trusted that they might migrate thither, with all their families, as a region unknown to their conquerors, having prepared it in better times for their reception.”

This is a remarkable history, but the facts stated are neither unreasonable or impossible. Its author was cotemporary with Julius and Augustus Cæsar, and, beyond a doubt, the facts recorded were the current traditions of the times. If so, they were known to Seneca, and his wonderful prophecy is solved. This plank of infidelity is, therefore, completely taken away, and its boasting stopped. Such vain competition can not disturb the believer's faith in the Divine authority of our sacred books.

#### “BY AND BY.”

BY and by! We heard it the other day, when two parted that had been “loving in their lives,” one to California, and the other to her lonely home. Every body says it—some time or other. The little boy whispers it when he dreams of exchanging the little stubbed boots for those like a man. The man murmurs it—when, in life's middle watch, he sees his plans half finished and his hopes yet in the bud, waving in the cold, late spring. The old man says it—when he thinks of putting off the mortal for the immortal, to-day for to-morrow. The weary watch for the morning, and while away the dark with “by and by.”

Sometimes it sounds like a song; sometimes there is a sigh or a sob in it. But fairy-like as it is, flitting like a star-beam over the dewy shadows of years, nobody can spare it; and we look upon the many times these words have beguiled us, the memory of the silver “by and by” as like the sunrise of Ossian, pleasant but mournful to the soul.

## "WE THANK THEE FOR OUR CREATION."

BY HARRIET N. BABB.

THE splendid chandelier with its shades, cast a soft, mellow light over the Gothic church, while the quiet that reigned there added impressiveness to the voice of the aged preacher, when he said, "Let us pray," which insensibly drew the hearts of his audience along with him to the mercy-seat. As he went through the beautiful form of evening prayer used in the Episcopal Church, many responded with feeling who had never done so before; but when he came to the expression, "We thank Thee for our creation," a heavy sigh near caused me to raise my head in surprise to see from what overcharged heart it had come. I should think it would be difficult for an aged *sinner*, one who has perverted life and all its blessings and turned pleasant things into a curse, to say, "I thank Thee for my creation;" but that a sigh of dissent should proceed from a young and gifted creature just bursting into womanhood—to whom life *should seem* all beautiful and joyous—surprised me. Yet so it was. My favorite pupil, Julia Stone, was kneeling beside me, with her snowy arms resting on the crimson cushions, and her beautiful head bowed down upon them in an attitude of devotion; but that deep-drawn sigh and the expression of her young face seemed to say, "I can not return thanks for my existence."

Hitherto I had looked upon her as a talented and interesting but almost thoughtless creature, ready to enjoy whatever the present moment offered, but without any serious anxieties for the future. Now I seemed to have discovered a new phase in her character, and my interest in her, always great, became deeper. During the services of that evening I found myself, ever and anon, turning to take a look at that sweet face, the mournful expression of which touched me strangely; and as we left the church, arm in arm, she said to me, "I could never be a member of that Church, Miss B——."

"Why not?"

"Because there is one part of their service to which my heart can never respond."

"What is that? You are young to go a heresy hunting."

"O it is not a heresy, and I suppose some good people like it very well—you, for instance, who have done so much good in life; but I could never say, 'I thank Thee for my creation!'"

"Why not, Julia?"

"Because I can not return thanks for that which I have never felt to be a blessing. When

I think of all the vexations and sorrows of life I wish that I had never been born. We can not escape from responsibilities and troubles; and then, after all that we have endured here, to think of that awful account we shall be called upon to render up hereafter, of all that we have done, and said, and thought, I don't see how any one can look upon life as a blessing, least of all how she can return hearty thanks for it. I am sure it would have been much better for me that I had never lived, and better for others, too; and I can not feel grateful that I was called into being."

"No, my dear, it would not be as well for you never to have lived, nor would it have been as well for the world."

"Do you think so, Miss —?" she asked.

"Not merely *think* it, *I know* it."

"Why do you think so?" she said with interest in her tone.

"Because, dear child, he who is infinite Wisdom has called you into being, that you might be happy yourself and might add to the happiness of your friends. He is also infinite Love, and does not give us life without also bestowing the ability to render our lives a blessing to ourselves and others. *No one* was created for *misery*, and if we are not happy it is because we have abused the gift of life, and thus brought suffering upon ourselves. Only seek to fulfill the end of your being, and I shall one day hear you say from a full heart, 'I thank thee, O Father, that thou hast given me life!'"

"Never, never, Miss —; I am afraid I can never feel so. I may become resigned to life, but I don't think I can ever feel like thanking God for my creation. Whatever it is to others life has been a blessing to me, and I should be insincere were I to return thanks for it."

"You will not always feel so."

"Why not?"

"Because you will learn to understand life better, and to see that it is a blessed thing to live."

"Understand life better! Why, the more I see of it the more depressed I become, and the less do I feel like responding to the prayer, 'We thank Thee for our creation!'"

"Do you know the reason of this?"

"I do not."

"It is because you have not yet learned the true object of life, and I am afraid you have hardly begun to live as a rational and accountable being should do, or you would have made the discovery that there are delightful scenes and precious privileges within the reach of every one

of us, which should cause us, day and night, to exclaim, 'We thank Thee for life!'

"But there are so many sad and dark passages in the lives of even good people."

"Certainly, and it would not be right to wish things otherwise. 'Our Father' knows that uninterrupted bliss would not be well for us here; that it would not properly prepare us for our future destiny, and so he mercifully sends trials. Did it never occur to you, when looking at the dark side of life, that were it not for this we could not half enjoy the sunshine?"

"No, I never thought of that theory. You mean that bright scenes seem brighter by contrast with the clouds, do you?"

"Yes."

"Well, I should be content without those strong contrasts, and I think I could be happy enough in the sunshine if I could only be sure of escaping the clouds."

"And one day you will be contented to take either storm or sunshine, just whichever it shall please the good Father to send, and will find consolation and matter for thanksgiving even in your darkest dispensations."

"I hope so; but will you tell me why you think I have not yet learned to live?"

"Certainly. Your own words convince me of it. No one who had really understood and enjoyed the privileges of life could go on, day after day, without feeling grateful for existence; and when Christians uttered the beautiful and impressive words, 'We thank Thee for our creation,' instead of turning away with a sigh of dissatisfaction, saying, 'No, no, I have received the same gift, but I will not thank the Giver for it,' her full heart would respond to each word of that thank worship."

"Well, it must be a very hard thing to live right: for some time past I have been conscientiously trying to do so, but you see I have made little or no progress."

"Not hard, Julia, when we do not trust to our own strength, but have learned that if we would do right all our help must come from above."

"I trust I have learned that," she said very gently; "I do feel that I am perfect weakness, and that it is only by looking to Jesus that I can find strength."

"I know that, dear, or I should not have spoken so freely to you as I have done; and since I feel that you do sincerely desire to do right, shall I go on and tell you still more plainly where I think the trouble lies with you, and why it is you do not realize that it is a blessing to live? or have I already said too much?"

"No, go on; I should like to know why it is that I am so much worse than other people that I can not pray as they do; that is, if it is any thing that I can help; if it is not it would be only aggravating to hear of it."

"I should not have alluded to the subject at all, had I not believed it in your power to alter it; and though I am afraid that you will misunderstand and be wounded by what I am going to say, I trust you will not. Are you sure your unwillingness to acknowledge that life is a blessing does not spring from a habit you have formed of looking too much at *yourself* and *your own* feelings to the exclusion of others?"

"You mean that it is my own selfishness makes me unhappy? I know selfish people can not enjoy themselves as well as others; but I did not know that I was so supremely selfish."

"Nor are you, my child; you must not jump at conclusions, and apply them to yourself in a way that wounds you. No one ever thought of calling you selfish in the sense in which that word is generally understood. I believe 'egotistical' would be a better one to apply to you," I added with a smile.

"Worse and worse. I despise egotists, and do hope I am not one."

"Judge for yourself, my dear girl; have you not lately been entirely absorbed by your own feelings; and especially since you have been trying to do right, have you not been examining your own heart very closely; watching anxiously for favorable symptoms and feeling depressed when you could discover none?"

"Yes, Miss B——, and is it not right that I should do so? Does not the Bible say, 'Examine yourselves, prove your own selves, and see whether you are in the faith?'"

"Yes, but we must not be wholly taken up with self-examination, so as to make it the end and aim of life."

"But when I begin to study my own heart, I see so much of its evils and deceptions, that while seeking to have these removed how can I help being absorbed by that which so nearly concerns me, and watching for some evidence of acceptance with God? I thought it was my highest duty to do so."

"A very important duty, Julia, but not the *highest* or noblest one, by any means, of which you are capable. We are only *half* living when our most earnest thoughts and prayers are only for ourselves; we must also think, and pray, and labor for others. And now permit me in all love to ask you a question: since you have been trying to walk in the divine life, what have you done

to induce your friends to enter upon it also? For whose conversion have you labored?"

"I labored for the conversion of others. I tried to induce them to become Christians? Why, Miss B——, my own prospects are too dark and uncertain yet to have me think of doing that. When I have a clear evidence that my own heart is renewed, and that my peace is made with God, then I may wish to do something for others, but not now."

"Then you do not intend to do any thing for others till you are sure that your own soul is safe?"

"How can I, Miss B——?"

"And suppose your heavenly Father should see fit to withhold that assurance from you, what then? Would you let life pass without one word of warning to your impenitent friends, and without putting up any fervent prayers that they might be induced to come to the Savior?"

"I should like to do something for others, but how can I when I know not but that I myself may be a 'castaway'?"

"You are going back to *self* again; yet you never can be truly happy till you forget yourself in your efforts for others. Now do you not feel that your impenitent friends would be happier if they had learned to trust in Jesus?"

"Certainly, I know they would; and though I have so little hope that he has accepted me, yet that little is so pleasant that I would not go back and become a stranger to him again for all the world."

"Then is it not, my dear girl, your duty to pray earnestly that all you love may become partakers of the like precious faith? Instead of troubling yourself with doubts and fears as to whether your sins are pardoned, suppose you were to come to the Savior again, *cast yourself entirely* upon his mercy, and, resolving to *trust yourself* in his hands, spend your energies in praying that your other young friends may do the same! If you were to make each of them in turn the subjects of your prayers, you might be the means of bringing down a blessing upon them; and I know that your own heart would be improved by thus living out of yourself for a while, and forgetting your own feelings."

"That would be pleasant, Miss B——, but when the question comes up in my mind, 'Am I a child of God or not?' how can I answer it?"

"You are not to trouble yourself with such questions. Just give yourself away again to the Savior as earnestly and *entirely* as possible and then *trust the issue with him*. When doubts arise to trouble you, answer them by saying, 'I am not

my own; I belong to the Savior, and he is to do with me as he sees fit; for I am willing to trust my soul and all its interests with him!' Then *trust him* with your whole heart, and go on laboring for others, and you will soon cease to look upon life as a thing to be endured because it is his gift, but will insensibly be led to say, 'I thank thee, O God, for my creation!'"

Julia parted from me that night with a determination to trust herself more implicitly in the Savior's hands, and to try and forget her own doubts in her interest for her young companions. Whether she ever became so happy as to be able to return thanks for the gift of life I leave to my readers to decide.

"O Miss B——!" exclaimed Julia, coming into my room one morning, some time after the above conversation, "I have such delightful news! I know you will rejoice with me!" and as she seated herself and threw back her bonnet I gazed upon her glowing cheek and sparkling eye, and thought "how happy she looks!"

"What is it, dear, that has made your face so radiant—the promise of a trip to Europe?"

"O dear, Miss B——, something better than that!" she exclaimed; "cousin Emma hopes she has found the Savior, and she says, if her father is willing, she wants to unite herself with the Church at our next communion," and tears of joy rolled down Julia's cheeks.

"That is joyful news, and I do rejoice that your prayers for her have been answered. I saw Emma last night, and she told me of the change in her feelings; and what else do you think she said? That she felt as if she wanted to become a Christian when you first gave your attention to the subject, but that you seemed so gloomy after that, and so wrapped up in your own feelings, that she thought religion only made people unhappy and selfish. Since you have become so much more cheerful she says you have made her feel like attending to the subject. So, you see, my dear, we can not do good to others by indulging in doubts and fears, but by *coming out of ourselves* and taking an active interest in their welfare.

"How do you come on with your Sunday school class?" I asked after a pause.

"O very nicely," she replied with animation. "I find so much pleasure in teaching; every Sabbath I seem to take a deeper interest in my scholars than before."

"Are they still as noisy and inattentive as when you first took charge of them?"

"O no, they sit still now and listen to every thing I say, and they often seem to feel deeply.

Last Sunday our lesson was on the love of the Savior, and I tried to talk to them as I felt about it, and I saw more than one little girl turn away her head to wipe the tears from her face. How I have learned to love those poor children! And may I not hope, dear Miss B—, that even though they should not be converted now, I may be the means of saying things that they will recollect and profit by when they get older?"

"Yes, scatter the good seed *in the right spirit* and it *will* spring up and bear fruit; if not now, assuredly in the future. It is pleasant to feel that the good we thus do shall live when we are dead; but I think you have also a right to hope that the members of your class may be converted while young. The Savior said, 'Suffer little children to come unto me.' He is just as able to bless them now as he was when upon earth; and if you could see those children trying to follow him, would you not feel more than repaid for all you have done for them?"

"O, a thousand fold! If I could only see one of them brought to the Savior I should feel so happy—so grateful. I don't think I could ever permit myself to be gloomy about any thing. The feeling that we have been instrumental in saving a soul must fill the heart with a pure joy which none of the troubles of life can disturb."

"You think it would be enough to make you feel like thanking God for having given you life, when it had been the means of doing good, do you not?"

The flush that mounted to Julia's brow showed that she had not forgotten our former conversation, as she said, "O life seems so *entirely different* to me when I can be doing any thing for others! You were wise as well as kind when you advised me to forget myself and my own feelings in my efforts for them."

Since that time Julia has passed through many trials, and sorrows deeper than any she imagined in girlhood have wrung her heart. She has followed her dearest friends to the grave—has been defrauded out of so much of her property that she who was reared in luxury is now obliged to toil for her daily bread. Yet no word of repining ever passes her lips. Her cheerfulness is proverbial, and her happy heart gives a beauty to her face which age can not dim. All her friends love her dearly, and as for the children—her "little friends," as she calls them—how delighted they are to have her visit their mothers, and how they all run to meet her when they see her coming! Every body wonders how she can be so cheerful when her circumstances are so changed; and would you like to know the

secret of it? She is happy because she is constantly forgetting herself in her efforts to do good to others.

The last time I saw her was at a little prayer meeting, and when the lady who conducted it asked her if she would unite with them in prayer, she kneeled down, and almost the first sentence of the fervent supplication she poured forth was, "We thank thee, O God, that thou hast given us life!"

I walked home with her when the meeting was over, and when I said to her, "You have learned, Julia, to return thanks for your creation, have you?" her reply was, "Yes, Miss B—, I should be very ungrateful to neglect doing so, when my life has been a blessing both to myself and to others."

"But how do you know that it *will* eventually prove a blessing to you to have lived? To use your own words on a former occasion, how can you know that it was better for you to be called into being; and what assurance have you that even after having labored for the conversion of others you will not yourself be a castaway?"

"And my answer," she said, with a sweet though serious smile, "must be in the sentiment, if not the language which you uttered so long ago. I feel that it is in my power to render my life a blessing, or a God of love would not have called me into existence. And as for my being finally cast away, I have received so many proofs of kindness in the past that I am quite willing to trust my future happiness with him. If I can only obey the command, 'Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with all thy might,' I can 'cast all my care upon Him who careth for me,' and feel certain that what I have committed to him will not be lost."

Should this meet the eye of any who feel that existence is no blessing to them; any who can not kneel and say from a full heart, "I thank thee, O Father, for my creation!" let them go out of themselves for a while, and in humble reliance upon the promise, "My grace is sufficient for thee," strive to promote the happiness and the well-being of others. And should they be the blessed instruments of inducing only one soul to "hunger and thirst after righteousness," I am sure the feeling of their hearts would henceforth be, "I thank Thee for the gift of life!"

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Too much noise drives away thought. No man can have any variety of ideas, nor any connected train beneath the deafening roar of a catastrophe.—*Dr. Alexander.*

## THE KING OF THE NORTH.

BY AMANDA T. JONES.

THE winter—the mirth-chilling winter—hath passed  
From our home, on his icy track, away;  
And hushed is the shout of the whirling blast,  
And the sound of his wild and solemn lay.

He has gone to the north—the brave old north—  
Where glimmer his crystal palace-halls;  
Where never was heard the song of bird,  
Or the sound of rushing waterfalls.

Where stars gleam bright in the pallid night,  
He stalks alone like a sentry old;  
He smileth not—he weepeth not,  
For his brow and his heart are icy cold.

But the glance of his eye is wild and high,  
And the sound of his voice is clear and strong;  
And the earth grows chill as he passeth by,  
For he chanteth a bold and terrible song.

“I sweep o'er the earth, bringing wailing and death,  
And my sounding wings are broad and fleet;  
Woe, woe to the flowers the young summer hath  
left,  
I crush them all with my snow-white feet.

The clouds that lie in the far blue sky,  
If I but pass with my chilling breath,  
Rush down to earth from their home on high,  
As white as the brow of the angel Death.

And the cheek of the coward man is pale,  
And he shrinketh back from my bold embrace;  
I laugh when I see his faint heart quail,  
And I mock him in his dwelling-place.

But better I love the brave old north,  
Where glimmer my crystal palace-halls;  
Where never is heard the song of bird,  
Or the sound of rushing waterfalls.

And there in the long, long winter night,  
I stalk like a sentry grim and old;  
And I watch the quivering northern light,  
But my brow and my heart are icy cold.”

## NIGHT BRINGS OUT THE STARS.

BY MRS. H. F. NELSON.

As sinks the day, like dreams away,  
On twilight's rosy bier;  
At call of night, in silv'ry light,  
The twinkling stars appear.

For ev'ry night reveals to sight,  
As ages will rehearse,  
Those glittering gems, like diadems,  
Which crown the universe.

And while they burn, each one may learn,  
The lesson they impart,  
Which dewy night would sweetly write,  
On every human heart.

When sorrow's sway obscures the day,  
And grief thy pleasure mars,  
Then give not o'er, but strive the more,  
For night brings out the stars.

## A REMEMBRANCE—LITTLE ZULA.

BY MRS. M. A. BIGELOW.

‘TWAS spring-time: the buds of the roses were  
swelling,  
And fragrance was borne on the air;  
The sunshine of love lingered bright in our dwelling,  
For sweet little Zula was there.

She came for her hat, ere commencing her roving  
With butterflies out 'mong the flowers;  
She hung on my neck with caresses so loving—  
O for a return of those hours!

“Good-by, dear mamma!” she lisped forth at leaving,  
“I am going far up in the sky  
To my sweet little sister, for she will be grieving,  
And wishing that Zula were nigh.”

Her face with a glad animation was beaming;  
Her dark eyes were lustrous and bright;  
As I think of her there, I seem to be dreaming  
Of a cherub just taking its flight.

My heart beat sad, for I felt the warning  
Her prophet-voice seemed to convey;  
But sadder it beat when, one week from that morn-  
ing,  
An angel bore Zula away.

## MORNING.

BY GEORGE LANSING TAYLOR.

MORNING waketh! morning waketh!  
All along the orient sky;  
Far along earth's verge it breaketh;  
Lo! the clouds now flame on high.  
Fairer than the lands of story  
Stands the mountain wrapt in glory.

Morn along the sea now kindles;  
Every billow rolls in fire;  
Naked masts are burnished spindles—  
Far-off ships a burning pyre;  
Bending cope and boundless ocean,  
One expanse of flame in motion.

Now o'er earth's wide landscape streaming,  
Fresh and glowing pours the light—  
Rock and river, sparkling, gleaming,  
Forests gushing with delight:  
Million tongues, harmonious blending,  
Swell the anthem, glad ascending.

O if through the far expanse  
Of the universal sky,  
Morning thus in beauty glances  
O'er the spheres that circle by,  
What an anthem, ceasing never,  
Rises to our God forever!

## THE LOVES OF SWIFT.

BY J. D. BELL.

CAN it be that Dean Swift was ever in love? He who was such a master of scorn and satire; he who could write the Battle of the Books, and the Tale of a Tub, and the Voyage to the Land of the Houyhnhnms—those streams of glittering venom; he who could be a stiff Tory; he who was such a stern, independent, invincible, scheming partisan; he who so loved to rule and so hated to obey; he who would scarcely ask to be forgiven a public or private offense, for a pre-ferment, and who would not be guilty of favoring, for a kingdom—can it be, I say, that such a man ever felt the burning flush of throbbing affections, ever performed the sweet, melancholy devotion of a heart, touched, interested, animated, yearning with love? Let us see.

The name that has been given to the public as that of the first lady to whom Swift acknowledged an attachment, was the name of Jane Waryng. She was the sister of his chamber-mate at college—that college where Swift refused to pursue the prescribed course of academical study, choosing rather to mark out one for himself; that college where he sat for his degree once, without getting it, and a second time, getting it *speciali gratia*. Swift was somewhere between twenty and thirty years of age then. It is said that a letter from him, dated April, 1696, is published, which is written in the usual style of a complaining lover, and which accuses his *Varina* of formality and coldness, and too great an observance of the customs and opinions of the world. It appears that, with the uncalculating forwardness, natural to a young man of enthusiastic temperament, he had solicited her hand in matrimony; but owing to the fact that she herself had only the small fortune of one hundred pounds a year, while Swift had no certain income at all, she had prudently resolved to delay their union till one or the other of them should be better to do in the world.

That she loved Swift there can be no doubt. Swift had a way with him that was winning. Yes, that cold-hearted, cruel satirist could interest and charm the innocent, the gentle, the lovely among women. Where could this power in such a spirit as his reside? He was not a man of tender feeling. At heart he knew nothing of romance. How could he, affectedly blunt, as he was, in his manners and determinedly independent in his character, so call into his favor the fondest and strongest regards of the refined and susceptible soul of woman?

Varina felt herself to be his. Somehow he had won her esteem and her confidence. All a woman—an earnest, trustful, changeless woman—as she was, she could not but judge it entirely safe to exercise that prudent care about the future she did in proposing a delay of marriage. And then he had told her, in his letter, that "he had resolved to die as he had lived—all hers." Why should she entertain any fear of an ultimate prostration of her hopes? No, she did not. The same firm reliance and fond expectation continued upon her part; and when Swift, a few years afterward, had obtained a position in Ireland, worth about four hundred pounds a year, she acknowledged her only objection to be removed, and now waited for him to take his promised step toward the fulfillment of earlier vows. With what feelings must she have now received the second letter from Swift, written four years after his first one, in which a total change of intention and attachment is more than indicated? How excruciating to her must have been that surprise! There it lies before her—an epistle, bearing the plain marks of a resolute anxiousness for freedom from every former engagement to her; composed in a style and address that cuts off all prospect of any further intercourse between them; containing the most trifling excuses and far-fetched impediments against their union; and mingling, in its contents, with conditions the most humiliating, inuendoes the most insulting; there it lies mocking her soul's long-cherished dream of the future, sending the warm gush of her early-won heart back to curdle in the fountain from which it sprung; there it lies—that letter, which has to her a poison in every word and a sting in every line. Imagine her, as she stands like a gloomy statue, gazing upon it, too deeply shocked with sudden sorrow to weep, and, then, as she lays it aside, and, with a resolution, silently made, to live down that sorrow, goes away to mingle mournfully, yet without tears, among her old companions and friends. No pen can follow that stricken girl all along through the period of a bitter experience, dating from this point of time. The many hours she spent in lonely places musing upon the past, the many faded hopes she brought back to memory to catch what faint odors might still linger around them, the many sighs she heaved on account of the vision of human selfishness and faithlessness that had passed over her—all these have gone to make up a record whose solemn pages only one person upon the earth has ever read.

But let us turn, now, to Swift. Where was he at this time? Did he not feel that he had done

a wrong? Did he not go sometimes, away out of sight, and consider how false he had proved to tender trusts, and experience, in his heart, the pain of a tearful and bitter remorse? No; not such a man as this was Dean Swift. He had never learned to estimate justly the character of woman. He had never brought himself to fully realize how unlike man she is in the affectional part of her nature; how she clings to the object of her love with a tenacity which time can not weaken; how she maintains her fidelity and devotion in spite of misfortune and death.

Most men are more or less practically conscious of what constitute the distinguishing qualities of the female heart. They look upon woman, in her true light, as more the representative of fine sensibility and strong passion than a cool reason and aggressive activity.

It was not so with Swift. He thought deeply and earnestly of nothing but himself. He was swallowed up in the egotism of genius—that egotism which makes a man refuse to acknowledge or feel the influence of foreign character, as an effectively impressing and guiding force, and which constantly impels him to form opinions and strike out paths of pursuit from his own nature as a ground and starting-point. If he ever loved it must have been but shallowly; for it is most certain that he was not a man to go very far aside from the chosen route of his ambition, for the purpose of indulging the sensibilities and desires of the heart. He could not lose sight of himself long enough to spare at most more than a little leisure to the cultivation of romantic feelings. He loved merely as a pastime; he treated woman as a fine toy. You will find that this is the only view of Swift, through which you can be furnished with a satisfactory explanation of his conduct during life, in matters pertaining to the affections.

Leaving here the story of Swift's connection with her who had proved, by so sad an experience, how misplaced woman's affections were when bestowed upon him; and, by the way, dropping the wish that my reader will keep in mind, all the while, as I proceed, the peculiarities of nature I have just been pointing out as characteristic of Swift, let me go on to trace the history of his next love.

While a resident in the house of his distinguished relative, Sir William Temple, Swift took upon himself the office of preceptor to Sir William's niece, and also to a young lady of the name of Esther Johnson; but much better known in the world now under the name of Stella. She was about fourteen years of age, and was of an

excellent family in Nottingham, her father, however, being engaged in the profession of a merchant in London. She was, besides, beautiful and talented. Swift took a peculiar interest in directing her studies and improving her mind. Of course it was not long before he felt her attractions. The constant association he, as preceptor, had with her could not fail to engage something more than a mere interest in her intellectual welfare. There was the sweet magnetism of her brilliant eyes and the deep, earnest expression of her countenance, her graceful manners, her choice words, her activity of mind—all these to interest him. How could a man, like Swift, have remained very long unaffected under such circumstances—a man who looked upon beautiful women as the traveler looks upon the flowers that twinkle, and bloom, and exhale their fragrance along his way, regarding them as mere adornments of society, good to give delight in moments of sad weariness and fill the mind when it happens to be vacant; a man who plighted vows only in play, and dallied only in play, and wrote letters of love only in play; a man who seemed to estimate female hearts about as highly as the soldiers of the allies at Sevastopol estimate the trumps and quoits they sport with between the battles?

Yes, Swift fell in love with the fair Stella. And let it be marked that this falling in love took place a short time before he wrote his last letter to Varina—that letter which must have so paled the whole bloom of her youthful being. Here was the secret of the sudden change which had come over his feelings, and, all at once, disenchanted Varina's image. He had found a new face to charm him, a new mind to interest him, a new heart to commune with his. And probably he thought himself fortunate in having been favored with so excellent an occasion for indulging his love of novelty.

Swift having, about this time, obtained a living in Ireland, as I have already remarked, took his leave of Moor Park, the seat of the home of Sir William Temple, and went to perform his official duties in that country. He was, no doubt, lonely there, so far from the pleasant associations of the place and family he had left, and also from her, in whose society he had passed happy days. Stella had now reached the age of eighteen, and was residing with a lady of the name of Dingley, somehow related to Sir William Temple. Sir William had bequeathed to Stella a fortune of one thousand pounds; and, as Mrs. Dingley was receiving but a small annuity, Swift easily persuaded them both to come over to Ireland and

reside, where the interest of money was greater and the cost of living less than where they then were. They went over and took up their residence in the town of Trim, situated very near Laracor, the place of Swift's ministration. Thus were Stella and Swift placed in circumstances, once more, where a free communication and intercourse could be held between them. Often did he seek her company when wearied with the duties of his office; and in conversation with her his spirit was always refreshed, and thus the obscure position he had been called to fill was made tolerable and pleasant. Think of that beautiful girl, now, as she daily mingled her interests more and more with his, and gave him her confidence, and continually responded with fresh tokens of attachment to all the little attentions he paid her. Think of her as yet too young and inexperienced to make due allowances for the careless frankness and spontaneous promptitude of the heart of man, and as cherishing the communions she shared in with Swift, not as a mere present diversion, but as having a sweet prophetic reference to a large and long future. Think of her as counting all his affectionate words, and carefully storing them up in her memory. Think of her as lavishing upon him, at every fresh interview, new portions of that wealth of love which is woman's dearest earthly riches. And while you so think of her, I will ask you to bear in mind, at the same time, how very different the case was with Swift. He probably kept no yearning lookout upon the future, and thought but little of the danger of trifling with the affections of woman, during all that fond intercourse.

Says Mitford, "Of the softer and romantic qualities of the heart, which open the avenues of love, Swift was entirely devoid; his mind was bent on higher objects and interested in busier and more ambitious scenes. I have no doubt but that he regarded the blooming and beautiful Stella with the most sincere friendship, and with something more than a brotherly fondness and affection; but women turn every thing into love. If Stella did not mistake the nature of Swift's attachment, she did not consider the other passions of his mind which might oppose or weaken it. Of most men she would probably have judged rightly; but unfortunately she had to speculate on the motives of a person eminently singular in his temper and thoughts, inclined to move out of the road which leads to general happiness, and to find one more congenial to his own disposition. There is a kind of attachment which it is not always easy to distinguish from love, and which is yet distinct from it;

either Stella's want of sagacity could not separate these or her hopes and affections forced her to overlook the distinction."

The fact that Swift never saw Stella, except when she was accompanied by Mrs. Dingley, or some other person, was, without doubt, a source of extreme dissatisfaction to her, although she submitted to have it so. But still the expectations he had nourished within her heart were too enthusiastic to allow her to entertain any very serious fears in regard to his ultimate intention of marriage. She could not penetrate to the real meaning of that peculiar arrangement of his. Her guileless youth, her strong confidence in him, her deep affection, her lively hopes—all combined to keep bright within her soul, despite his cool procrastination, the vision of a full realization, in the future, of the end of her attachment. Poor over-trustful girl! She had not dreamed that Swift had really resolved never to marry. And when she received an offer of the hand of Rev. Dr. Tisdall, one of Swift's friends, and went to Swift to consult him, more, probably, to ascertain his own designs than with the intention to pursue any course he might be disposed to propose in the matter; and when Swift returned to Dr. Tisdall the answer, that if his fortunes and *humor* served him to think of marriage, he should certainly, of all persons on earth, make his choice; because he had never seen that person whose conversation he entirely valued but hers; but that this was the utmost he had ever given way to; and that his own regard for her had never once entered his head to be an *impediment to him*; when all these things took place, although one would think that Stella might have been somehow led, through them, to see plainly the real feebleness of the prospect she had of ever being happily united to Swift, yet she clung to her long-cherished vision still and refused the offer of Tisdall.

At this point of time—1701—Swift left this parish and went to London with the determination of finding, or making, opportunities of securing greater eminence and an enlargement of his fortune. He wrote then the first in his long series of tracts on political questions. For several years afterward he mingled yearly in the society of London, and shared largely in party interests there, though performing nominally, meanwhile, his parochial duties in Ireland. In the year 1713, after many ineffectual attempts to obtain a preferment in England, through the influence of influential friends, the Deanery of St. Patrick was conferred upon him, and he went thither to be installed. Political affairs, however,

soon called him back; and thus, for a long period of time, his engagements alternated between the two countries.

Here it is that we must introduce the name and story of Swift's third and last love.

While residing in England, Swift, by the brilliancy of his conversational talents, his readiness of wit, and his extensive information, formed a large circle of acquaintances and friends of great reputation of his own sex, and gained admission also into the company of several distinguished ladies, such as Lady Betty Germaine, Mrs. Barton, the Countess of Winchelsea, the Duchess of Ormond, and Lady Masham. He also formed intimacies with several families of high distinction; but the one he was most intimate with was that of Mrs. Vanhomrigh, a widow lady of wealth and character, who had two sons and two daughters. The elder daughter bore the name of Esther, but will be more poetically recalled now under the name of Vanessa. Swift formed a partiality toward her, as he found her lively in conversation, graceful in manners, and fond of books. He readily offered to direct her in the choice of her studies, and to assist her in the pursuit of them. This offer being accepted the way was fully opened to a closer intimacy between them, and an intimacy which, upon her side, as will be by and by seen, resulted in an unfortunate and melancholy love. She did not know the relation he stood in to Stella; for he had probably never named that name in her hearing. No; he had blindly given himself up to her fascinating attractions, and had once more forgotten, in the absorbing pleasure of a new companionship, all the claims another had upon his heart. No word, intended as a caution to her against making him an object of too intense an interest or too lively an expectation, did he utter. With a reckless indifference to all future results that might follow from his fond words or affectionate attentions, he went on, day after day, only helping to entwine more closely around his image the tendrils of her young heart. Vanessa at length avowed to Swift the fullness and depths of her affections for him. And how, now, does he answer her? Does he confess to her his connection with Stella? Does he ask pardon for having so thoughtlessly lost sight of the grace, and purity, and loveliness of that far-off beautiful girl? No, not at all. At first he responds with railing, and then makes her an offer of devoted and life-long friendship. All this, let it be remarked, was accomplished in such a manner as to leave her free to cling with a sad trust and anticipation to him still.

Let us turn now, for a moment, to the injured Stella.

It was but natural that Swift's new connection should make some change in his feelings and conduct toward her. This change she, of course, soon detected; and from rumors brought over to her in Ireland she became confident that a rival partiality had been formed in the mind of Swift, and in her letters to him she expressed this assurance in words of deep displeasure and jealousy. Swift endeavored, as well as he could, to appease her dissatisfaction. But when, however, he returned to Ireland, as he did soon afterward, he felt the embarrassment of the situation he had carelessly brought himself into with peculiar apprehensions.

The death of Vanessa's mother having taken place about this time, she and her sister, being joint executrices, came over to Ireland to look after the property their father had left them in the vicinity of Celbridge. Upon their arrival at Dublin, Stella's jealous misgivings were excited afresh, and Swift himself was troubled with fears for his own as well as Vanessa's reputation. He admonished her in vain against her imprudence. She only answered his admonitions with the charge of coldness and cruel neglect, mingling, however, with her plaintive words the language of a love she had no power to extinguish or weaken. Swift was conscious of the difficulty of his situation, and resolved upon a course of temporizing indifference toward her, carefully disguising every sentimental impulse of his nature. The correspondence between them was opened by him in a style of light, playful humor. Vanessa, on the contrary, wrote from the depths of her heart. The days had gone by when her feelings were superficial enough to allow her to indulge in epistolary jesting with him. Swift persisted, for a time, in his idle, jocular vein, without effecting any change in her manner of writing, except a deepening of the sad sincerity and affectionate earnestness that from the first had characterized it. At length, finding his efforts to soothe and satisfy her love, without reciprocating it, to be entirely unavailing, as a last resort he made the attempt to extricate himself from his perplexing position by a train of miserable apologies, paltry subterfuges, and weak self-contradictions. This course of conduct must have opened a new era of grief in Vanessa's experience. She had, all along, confidently anticipated the time when Swift would acknowledge a satisfactory return of her fond affections. But it is probable that she now became somewhat aware of the real hopelessness of her prospects.

and saw how false had been the long dalliance by which she had been duped and deluded.

Let us leave her here, drinking the bitter cup of her silent grief, cast down beneath a burden that no mortal can henceforth make her cheerful under, or assist her tender being to bear up—let us leave her, for a short while, and return again to glance at Stella.

A deep yet innocent dissatisfaction and jealousy, as I have before remarked, had begun to poison the current of Stella's life. The rosy glow of her countenance gave way to a settled paleness, indicative, at once, of distressing care and declining health. She had bestowed upon Swift the perfection of a sweet expectant love, only to have the bloom of her youth blighted prematurely by a cold, time-serving procrastination. And, together with Swift's delay to fulfill her expectations, she now felt, as an additional cause operating to destroy her happiness, the afflicting consciousness that her reputation had suffered from an intimacy which, though entirely virtuous, and, upon her part, honorable, she yet well knew had been too unusual to be looked upon by society with allowance. Swift perceived the foreboding change that had taken place in Stella's feelings and health, and, probably, contemplated his conduct toward her with keen remorse. He requested the Bishop of Clogher to inquire into the cause of her melancholy, and received from him the answer which he doubtless anticipated, that it was "her sensibility to his late indifference and to the discredit which her character had sustained from the dubious and mysterious connection between them." The Bishop assured him that the only relief he could afford her under the circumstances, which he might trust would be any thing like satisfactory to her, was to give her his hand in marriage. Swift replied that he had formed two resolutions in regard to matrimony; one, that he should not marry till possessed of a sufficiently large fortune; the other, that the step should be taken a time in his life at which he should have good prospects of seeing his children settled in the world. The condition on which the first of these resolutions had been formed, he claimed to be not yet fulfilled; and, as to the other, he had already passed the age after which it was his purpose never to marry. He, however, consented to annul his former resolutions to the extent of conceding, if she would submit to it, to a merely formal union. Stella submitted to this proposal, unsatisfying as it was to her hapless love. She saw that, by an acceptance of Swift's hand on those cold terms, even if she secured nothing else, she would

clear her reputation of the association which, in the estimation of society, had already clouded it. They were therefore privately and formally married in the year 1716, by the Bishop of Clogher, in the garden of the Deanery of St. Patrick's. But the heart of Swift was no more given to Stella than it had been before. In all his intercourse with her he maintained the same caution, never expressing more than earnest friendship, never mingling his spirit with hers in the confidential intimacy of love, but coldly and cruelly leaving her sad, anxious heart to yearn itself away in unsatisfied longings.

Swift, after his marriage with Stella, endeavored, in various ways, to appease Vanessa's passion. He obtained for her an introduction to Dean Winter, with the proposal of an acceptance of his hand; and also an introduction to Dr. Price, afterward Archbishop of Cashell, with a like proposal, both which proposals she promptly rejected. What could such attentions and professers as these avail toward quieting her unrequited love? Vanessa, at last, in the year 1717, left Dublin and went to the seat of her property near Celbridge, there to nurse her unfortunate grief in lonely retirement. Swift tried in vain to dissuade her from this course, which he foresaw would prove fatal to her health. He advised her, with tenderness of expression, to seek society rather than retire from it, and told her that it would be better for her, in his judgment, even to leave Ireland and seek diversion elsewhere. For nearly three years he never visited her at her place near Celbridge, but in the year 1720, and afterward till her death, he made her frequent visits.

Vanessa's residence was at Marley Abbey, a sort of cloister in form and external appearance. She seldom went abroad, and received but little company there, passing the most of her time either in reading or musing amid the garden grounds and scenery. Several families, however, who lived in the vicinity, although she rarely returned their visits, sought her company and took a deep interest in her. An habitual melancholy pervaded her feelings, and she seemed to be cheerful only when Swift was with her. When she expected him to come, it is said that she always planted, in the garden, one or two laurels. They were wont to meet and converse, in a favorite bower of hers, in which were two seats and a rude table, and where was heard the soft, romantic murmuring of a small cascade not far off.

The death of Vanessa's sister, in the year 1720, added new sharpness to her grief, at the same

time that it gave a fresh energy to her love. Swift, perceiving this to be the case, cautiously abstained for some time from her company. She at length grew impatient in her expectation of seeing him, and determined to ascertain the cause of his apparent neglect.

It appears that as early as 1713 she had discovered something of the intimacy existing between Swift and Stella; for in a letter written to Swift during that year, she used the words, "If you are very happy it is ill-natured of you not to tell me so, *except* it is what is inconsistent with mine." She had probably long experienced a most perplexing apprehension in respect to the rival relation hinted at here. And now in order to find out whether she had rightly suspected Swift of having neglected her on another's account, she resolved to write to Mrs. Johnson, asking an avowal of the nature of her connection with him. Swift had never informed her about his marriage with Stella. And in this fact my reader can see something of that criminal reserve, that selfish pride, that guarded secrecy of intention which marked him in all his dealings with those two unfortunate ladies. Stella, in answer to the letter she had received, informed Vanessa fully of the relation she held to Swift, and expressed, at the same time, to him the deepest displeasure, because he had given grounds to another for indulging the hope of becoming as intimately connected with him as she herself was by marriage. Swift immediately, and in a rage, took the letter Stella had received and rode with it to Marley Abbey. He only saw Vanessa long enough to fling the letter on a table before her, and made his way back to Dublin.

This was the last of her connection with that cruel and inexorable trifler. She died a few weeks afterward, in 1723, and in the thirty-seventh year of her age, canceling, among her closing acts, a will she had made in favor of him, who, by a course of flattering attentions and false encouragements, had made her life an unhappy dream, and brought her to an early grave.

"Upon the death of Miss Vanhomrigh," says Mitford, "Swift returned to the south of Ireland, where he remained for two months in utter solitude, a prey, no doubt, to the most self-accusing remorse." He afterward returned to Stella, and sought and obtained her forgiveness for his past conduct.

In 1726 he went again to England, after having been absent for about twelve years. While there he heard that Stella's health was rapidly failing, and, as soon as possible, hastened back to Ireland. He found her apparently improving; and after

remaining with her some time he set out once more for London. But he had not been there long before the tidings reached him that Stella had relapsed into her former illness and was fast sinking. He therefore returned again to Ireland. But this time he found that there was no hope of Stella's recovery. She only lingered for a few painful months, and then passed away, leaving Swift to reflect, with chagrin, self-reproach, and bitter regret, upon the twenty-five years spent by her in doing unavailing homage at the shrine of a love he had recklessly slighted, and turned, at last, into a means of destruction.

When he saw that she was near her end, he offered to acknowledge her at heart as his wife; but she only replied, "It is too late."

He permitted her to make a will in her maiden name, which she did, consigning her property to charitable uses.

Thus closes the sad history of the loves of Dean Swift.

#### THE WITCHES' DANCE ON THE BROCKEN.

AMONG all the legends of Germany—that country where every plain has its genius, every mountain its giant, every grotto its dwarf, every house its domestic sprite or Cobold, every historic fact its myth—there is, perhaps, not one of them all so popular, or so universally known, as that of the Witches' Dance on the Brocken. This general diffusion, with the hold it so long maintained on the belief of the people, makes it hardly possible to doubt that it has its origin in some historic fact; and it is believed that this attempt to trace it to its source may not be without interest to many. The scene of this well-known legend, the Brocken, or Blocksberg, is the loftiest summit of that range of mountains on the confines of Hanover, called the Hartz, extending about seventy miles in length and twenty in breadth. On this spot, according to the story, the witches and sorcerers of the whole earth hold their sabbath once a year, upon the eve of May-day. Thither from all quarters these servants of Satan repair, mounted, some on horses, some on goats and wild beasts, some on pitchforks and brooms, and flock around their infernal master, when, after due homage paid to him, the unholy orgies commence. Brandishing torches, they dance around a blazing fire, with wild cries, till summoned before "the Devil's Pulpit"—a mass of granite thus named, and only very recently destroyed—where they alternately listen to his instructions, or recount their own exploits, making the air resound with blasphemies against

God; and at length the hellish festival closes with a banquet, which consists entirely of sausages dressed on "the Witches' Altar," unless, indeed, a head-dish should be supplied, by the dismembered body of one of the confraternity. For should a witch arrive too late, this breach of proper etiquette is punished by a fearful death. She is torn in pieces by Satan himself, and the severed limbs, after being laid on the altar, figure at the feast, as a warning to the rest. With the morning dawn, the fiendish crew disperse to their several quarters. The inhabitants of the district round the Brocken are in the habit of setting up three crosses at the doors of their houses and stables, by which they imagine they secure both themselves and their cattle from all the wiles or assaults of sorcerer and demon, on their way to and from the place of rendezvous.

Such is the legend; and we believe it to be a myth—the people's mode of chronicling a real event, a historic fact. Wild and absurd as are the scenes and circumstances in the tradition, and lamentable as is the superstition that gave them this form, we think that we can trace them up to real occurrences, and that those occurrences are to be found in the history of that illustrious emperor of France, who, for his single-handed struggle against ignorance, barbarism, and lawlessness, has been so regarded as the very type of greatness, that his name and the name of Great have been blended into one—that of Charlemagne. In his treatment of the Saxons conquered by him, we have the germ of this popular tradition.

While in some respects his treatment of them, as of the other nations he subdued, was worthy of him, as he extended to them equal privileges with the Franks; and while he was right in thinking, as he did think, that his work of civilization could be successful only as long as it was based upon religion, yet he unhappily yielded to an unenlightened zeal, and instead of employing mild persuasion to turn them from their "idols, to serve the living and true God," he thought to compel them, at the point of the sword, to take upon them the yoke of the meek and lowly Savior, the Prince of Peace; and he enforced the profession of Christianity under severe penalties, thus degrading the Divine laws, by turning them into civil enactments. True it is that he at first showed great toleration; but during the three and thirty years which it cost to subdue this bold and free people, they tried the conqueror's patience to the utmost by their repeated revolts after submission, and by their frequent relapses into idolatry after a profession of Christianity; till, at length, Charlemagne issued an edict, that

any one refusing to be baptized, or after baptism continuing in idolatry, should be put to death.

But while the pagan Saxons were thus compelled to outward conformity, and to receive baptism, still they remained pagans at heart; and no sooner had Charlemagne withdrawn his troops, than they recommenced sacrificing to their gods. Upon this, Charlemagne had the altars and the images of the idols destroyed; and, thus prevented from celebrating their worship openly, the people repaired to the forests and mountains of the Hartz, selecting the Brockenberg as the least accessible. No sooner was Charlemagne made aware of this, than he ordered strict watch to be kept at the mountain-passes on the days usually set apart for the idol-feasts. The Saxons had now recourse to stratagem, in order still to find means of solemnizing their religious rites. Disguising themselves in the skins of beasts, and wearing hideous masks, and armed with pitchforks and other rustic implements, as well as with the weapons used by them in the chase, they rushed upon the sentries, who, in real or pretended terror, took to flight. Some of these implements were probably needed for their sacrifices, either in piling up the wood, or drawing out the firebrands, which they bore aloft as they danced in wild joy around the sacrificial flames. And as to the brooms, upon which, according to the legend, the Witches of the Walpurgis-night used to ride, they may have been in requisition to sweep away the snow, which even now, on the first of May, covers the tops of the Hartz Mountains, lying thick upon the Brocken.

Now it is certain that not only the Jews, but the early Christians, believed that the gods worshiped by the heathen were really existing evil demons. This, we think, has been fully shown in an article in a late number on the Evil Angels.\* Not only do we find, as has been pointed out, Beelzebub, the god of Ekron, the god of the Philistines, called by the Jews, "the Prince of the Demons;" but we also find the apostle Paul saying, "The things that the Gentiles sacrifice, they sacrifice to demons, and not to God; and I would not that ye should have fellowship with demons." Indeed, the very name "demons" was applied by the heathen themselves to the beings they worshiped. And the Christians of Charlemagne's day held not less firmly the belief that idol-worship was demon-worship; so that their describing the Saxon rites as such would have been both true and natural; and the addi-

\* See also Archbishop Whately's "Scripture Revelations of Good and Evil Angels."

tion of other circumstances to this basis of truth is easily accounted for by popular superstition. The delusion embodied in the legend, that Satan himself, the great leader and prince of the evil spirits, appeared in bodily form and horrid shapes, and contrived, in spite of the Christian guards that beset the way, to convey the worshipers through the air to the Brockenberg, was produced, or kept up, by the stories which the sentinels either told as an excuse for their cowardly flight, or dared not contradict.

Such are the facts which we believe to be bodied forth in this myth of the Witches' Sabbath on the Brocken. And though we can not give a positive answer to the inquiry, why the special day named in the legend was fixed upon, yet we think a very probable one may be found. As we know that the pagan Germans celebrated one of their greatest and most joyous feasts—the feast of the returning spring—on the first of May, and consequently about the time of our Easter; as on that occasion they were wont to deck their altars and houses with boughs and branches of birch-trees, and to dance with them round their immense sacrificial fires; and, again, as this feast was specially dedicated to their goddess Eastera, the object of peculiar veneration in this very district of the Hartz, so it is more than probable, that the great attraction which this festival of the first of May had for the Saxons gave rise to the fable of the special concourse of witches on Walpurgis-night; and the fact of its being so called from the name of a saint said to have converted the Saxons to Christianity, seems a fresh link connecting it with their religious history. The custom still prevalent in Germany, and among us, of decorating the churches and houses with green boughs at Easter and Christmas, appears to be a remnant of the ancient pagan rites, as well as the less pleasing practice of the young village lads in and about the Hartz district of dancing round a large fire. Many such vestiges are to be found in our own country; and I have little doubt that the custom, in some parts of England, of strewing the church-aisle with rushes at Whitsuntide may be traced to our pagan and Saxon ancestors. It need hardly be pointed out that the word Easter, the name of the Saxon goddess, has passed from paganism into the Christian Church. Whatever may have been the original cause of this and many a similar transaction or adoption, every one of them may well be to us a monument of the grace that has redeemed us and "called us out of darkness into the marvelous light" of the glorious Gospel of the Son of God.—*Excelsior.*

VOL. XVI.—15

## ELEMENTS OF THE TRUE MISSIONARY SPIRIT.

BY REV. L. A. EDDY.

THE lamented Wilbur Fisk, toward the close of his life, said he even grudged the hours which were absolutely necessary for him to spend in sleep, in view of the unprecedented opportunities he saw on every hand of doing good.

Indeed, if human existence is a *privilege* on account of its facilities for *doing*, as well as getting and enjoying good, it is pre-eminently a privilege to live in this age, distinguished as it is for its magnificent and powerful agencies to ameliorate the condition of society, and promote the temporal and eternal interests of less-favored portions of the human family. Never, perhaps, in the whole history of our race, has there been a time when an individual, with a heart at all inclined to philanthropic efforts, enjoyed opportunities of effecting, in a short period, and with limited means, so vast an amount of good as he at present enjoys. There is no study, then, more interesting and profitable to Christian youth of both sexes, in our country, than the philosophy of benevolence, as practically illustrated in its various public organizations.

Prominent among these grand agencies is that specially distinguished as the *missionary* enterprise, to which the reader's attention is now particularly invited. Our aim is not to sketch the history of missions, and expatiate on its past and prospective achievements, but to examine into some of the essential elements of a genuine missionary spirit.

The phrase "missionary spirit" is in very common use; but it is feared its meaning is not as well understood by all as it should be. We will notice a few of the more common errors on this subject.

1. Some mistake a *migratory* spirit for the spirit of missions. They seem to think that just as soon as a person becomes imbued with the true missionary zeal he must, of course, go, or prepare at once to start on a pilgrimage to some distant clime, where people dwell in gross spiritual and intellectual darkness. We admit there are some, and wish there were many more, devoted young men and women who are so filled with love for the souls of the perishing, that they are not only willing to go any where, at whatever personal sacrifice, to promote the salvation of sinners, but feel an irresistible conviction that it is *their* special duty to go to some particular field in a foreign land. So loud does the Macedonian cry ring in their ears that they cheerfully relinquish the endearments of home and the refinements of civil-

ized society, to live, and suffer, and die among barbarians. We are not, however, to imagine that *all* who possess the true missionary spirit are thus providentially directed to foreign countries. Some are as loudly called to inviting fields of usefulness at home as others are to go abroad. And the former as unequivocally exemplify the genuine spirit of missions as the latter. Indeed, it is to be feared the delusion that a disposition to bid adieu to "friends, connections, happy country, far in heathen lands to dwell," is an essential element of a missionary spirit, has led to serious practical errors. We have reason to fear that some, under the impulse of a roving disposition, a spirit of romantic adventure, and an ambition for the glory of performing grand moral achievements, and, perchance, a desire for the honors of martyrdom, have gone to pagan lands only to learn that a spirit of curiosity, of romance, of sentimentality, of selfish ambition is not the spirit of missions; and that a person who is wanting in apostolic zeal for the salvation of men when he leaves home, ordinarily finds nothing in the novel circumstances surrounding him, amid the disgusting realities of heathenism, to awaken those feelings, and to inspire those self-sacrificing exertions which are essential to secure success.

The truth is, if a man really possesses the genuine passion for the salvation of souls, which is included in the idea of a missionary spirit, his "charity will assuredly begin at home;" and we may put it down as a general rule, from which there are but few exceptions, that if a person feels no particular desire for the spiritual welfare of the unconverted in his own family, or immediate neighborhood, with whom he daily mingles, and to whom he is under the strongest obligations, he feels but little genuine solicitude for any one else, whether in his own country or in foreign lands. A young man who flatters himself that if he were only in India, or China, or Africa he would accomplish wonders in the enlightenment and salvation of the poor natives, but who, in his own native village or city, despairs even the drudgery of teaching a class in the Sunday school, or lacks the courage to speak a word of private admonition to his unconverted school or shopmates, deceives himself and knows not what manner of spirit he is of. For if we love not our intimate neighbors, whom we have seen, sufficiently to inspire one earnest effort to save them, how can we love our remote neighbors, whom we have not seen?

2. Others mistake *punctuality* in attending missionary meetings for a missionary spirit. It is true, every person who feels a lively interest in

the cause of evangelism, eagerly avails himself of the privilege of attending all meetings within his reach where the noble enterprise of the world's conversion is the special subject of prayer or theme of conversation; but we are by no means to consider our habitual presence at such gatherings as a more conclusive proof that we are inspired with the Scriptural zeal for missions, than the habitual attendance of a person on the ordinary means of grace is infallible evidence that he is a Christian.

It is possible for us not only to take pleasure in attending meetings for the promotion of this cause, but we may listen with interest to the remarks that are made, and the prayers that are offered, and lift up our voices with the multitude in singing spirit-stirring missionary hymns, and get our feelings enlisted in the excitement of the occasion, and our sensibilities so aroused that unbidden tears will gush from our eyes as the degradation and cruelty which prevail among benighted and savage nations, or the privations and sufferings which many a missionary is compelled to endure in the dark places of the earth are described—I say it is possible for us to participate in such scenes and get our sympathies deeply enlisted in the exciting exercises and thrilling narratives which challenge our attention, and yet possess not one solitary spark of real missionary fire, that holy zeal which inspired the apostle when, in the face of stripes, imprisonment, and martyrdom, he exclaimed, "None of these things move me, neither count I my life dear unto myself, so that I might finish my course with joy, and the ministry which I have received of the Lord Jesus, to testify the Gospel of the grace of God!"

In this excitement-loving age, when we find many persons of both sexes, and professed religionists, too, among them, who are so fond of having their sensibilities stirred that they will spend their money in purchasing and their precious time in reading fictitious tragedies, or scenes of imaginary sorrow, for no other purpose than to enjoy the *pleasure* of weeping, we need, it seems to us, a sterner test of true devotion to the missionary cause than those pathetic or exhilarating emotions which the thronged and interesting missionary anniversary may be calculated to inspire, but which, like the loveliness of the song, are forgotten with the occasion that produced them.

3. Our limits will permit us to allude only to another error on this subject. Some appear to confound a spirit of *beneficence*, or liberality, with a missionary spirit. They think if they contrib-

ute, and that bountifully, they give not only "substantial proof" of ardent attachment to this cause, but the very best possible proof of regard, when, in fact, it may be, with all their liberality, they have not a particle of sympathy with it. We readily admit that whatever professions of attachment to the missionary enterprise a man may make—whatever else he may do to promote it, if he withholds his property, while possessed of abundance or a competency of this world's goods, his professions are vain. Still, on the other hand, who does not know that, especially under exciting circumstances, there are those who contribute adequately, if not munificently, from their pecuniary resources under the influence of pride, emulation, or some other selfish purpose, while, so far from being cheerful givers, earnest givers, believing givers, they heartily grudge those very benefactions, so called, which peculiar circumstances ring from their reluctant pockets for an object that, if they do not really despise, they feel no sincere interest in promoting.

That money is needed to accomplish the evangelization of distant heathen, and that systematic beneficence, on an immensely large scale, is demanded in these times from Christians, is a truth too palpable to require proof; yet gold *alone*, though millions of it may be thrown into the missionary treasury, can not convert a solitary soul; and, therefore, if the Church should give no higher proof of attachment to the cause of missions than pecuniary offerings, however munificent, the apocalyptic angel, having the everlasting Gospel, would pause in her glorious flight, our mission stations would be deserted, and a dismal pall of moral gloom would settle down upon the world. Hence we remark, that while, perhaps, in our efforts to stir up the true missionary spirit in the Church, and, consequently, to increase the contributions of gold and silver as means to carry forward this enterprise, we should not say less in relation to the duty of "honoring the Lord with our *substance*," more emphasis should be placed upon other duties which are of still greater importance, and less equivocal as tests of genuine attachment to the cause.

Without noticing other doubtful evidences of devotion to this cause, let us proceed to the consideration of some essential elements of a missionary spirit.

Among these FAITH should perhaps occupy the first place. The spirit of missions is a spirit of implicit, unwavering reliance on the word of God, especially those portions of the Bible that relate to the subjugation of the kingdoms of this world to the kingdom of Christ. Thus a person pos-

sessing this faith "takes God at his word," when he tells us the whole world lieth in wickedness; that the heathen nations, so far from being in a state of safety, are not only sadly degraded and wretched, but awfully guilty and destitute of that holiness without which *no* man, not even a heathen, can see the Lord in peace. He takes God at his word when he asserts that he not only desires the conversion of the world, being not willing that any should perish, but that he has provided means fully adequate for the moral recovery of the whole human family; that Jesus Christ his Son tasted death for every man, and hence, that the Gospel is the power of God unto salvation to *every* one that believeth; that this power, when properly applied, is more than a match for the power of ignorance, of prejudice, of superstition, of caste, of idolatry, of Satan. A man having this faith believes that the Church is the repository of the all-healing balm of Gilead—the Gospel of the grace of God, and is charged with the weighty responsibility and glorious privileges of dispensing it to all nations of the earth, and to every human creature. In a word, a person having this faith, as he goes forth weeping, bearing precious seed, in practical obedience to the Divine command, has unwavering confidence that though mountains of obstacles obstruct his path, and the moral soil is covered with brambles and thorns, his labor will not be in vain; the wilderness and solitary place shall yet be glad, and the desert shall blossom as the rose.

The spirit of missions is the spirit of Christian love. By Christian love we mean unfeigned, ardent love to Christ. The value of this element, as a test of the true missionary spirit, may be seen by the importance attached to it by the Savior in examining his missionary candidates just before his ascension. The great inquiry he made was, "Lovest thou me?" And on an affirmative answer to this question, searching and repeatedly applied, he said, "Feed my lambs;" "Feed my sheep;" thus showing his disciples in all ages that whatever other qualifications a missionary may have, if he be lacking in habitual, fervent love to Christ, he is radically deficient. And the propriety of this test is obvious. For nothing but that intense love of Christ, which arises from a personal consciousness of undeserved favor conferred upon us, will prompt us to love, as we should love, the souls of those for whom the Savior died, and to make those painful sacrifices which it may be necessary for us to make as his servants in laboring for their salvation.

The missionary spirit is a spirit of *inquiry*.

We mean not only a spirit of curiosity—of inquisitiveness to learn for our own intellectual gratification the wants and woes of the heathen, but we mean the spirit of fraternal solicitude, that anxious inquiry after the physical condition and moral welfare even of the most debased and barbarous inhabitants of earth, which arises, not only from the conviction that even these are the objects of the Savior's compassion, but that they are our *brethren*, being derived from the same common parentage, possessed of the same susceptibilities to enjoyment and suffering, capable of the same intellectual and moral improvement, and destined to the same immortality and eternity of existence. Nor is this all. By the spirit of inquiry we mean not merely a disposition to acquaint ourselves with the moral aspects of all sorts and condition of men, and gladly avail ourselves of all means to keep "posted up" in relation to the progress of missions of every name, but we include also a sincere desire to learn our individual duty in the matter; to inquire, "Lord, what wilt thou have *me* to do?"

The spirit of missions is the spirit of *prayer*, especially for the universal spread of the Gospel. And what encouragement we have to cultivate this spirit of prayer when we consider that He who hath all power in heaven and earth hath expressly commanded his disciples, in all times and places, to pray for the coming of his kingdom! We must not, however, forget that a spirit of *prayer* to God, and a spirit of *obedience* to God, are two things joined together by Infinite Wisdom which man may not put asunder. It has been well observed, that if it is the will of Christ that we should pray for the conversion of the world, it is also his will that every one who goes to the throne of grace shall take an earnest, active part in its accomplishment. As the person dishonors God and the mercy-seat who prays, "Give us our bread day by day," and *does* nothing, so is he guilty who prays, "Thy kingdom come," and leaves the work to other hands. It is the fervent, effectual prayer of the *righteous* man that avails much; that is, the individual that *does* right as well as prays right; who supplicates with his hands and his purse, as well as his lips.

It is scarcely necessary to add, the missionary spirit is a spirit of personal *sacrifice*—a spirit of entire consecration to Christ and his work. This "totality of dedication" implies not merely that we give a *moiety* of our money for the extension of the Redeemer's kingdom, but *liberally* according as God has prospered us, even all our living if he requires it at our hands. This holy consecration implies that we lay not only our

money, but our all at the feet of Jesus—our time, talents, power, ease, friends, home, comforts, children, and *ourselves*, to *go* where Christ would have us go, to *do* what Christ would have us do, and *suffer* what it may be necessary for us to suffer for the consummation of an enterprise so glorious.

In a word, the true missionary spirit is the spirit of *Christ*. Our blessed Lord, while on earth, was the great model missionary. Since his ascension we have had many noble examples of moral heroism in the great cause of human salvation, but none that can bear a comparison with the benevolence of our great Exemplar. What faith has ever equaled his faith? What love has ever been manifested by man that bears a moment's comparison with the wonderful love of Christ for us? What Christian ever prayed for others so frequently, so consistently, so perseveringly, so agonizingly as the Savior prayed on the mountain, in the garden, and on the cross? What philanthropist ever gave a millionth part for the relief of suffering humanity of what our blessed Lord bestowed when he gave *himself* for us, and voluntarily submitted to such toils, ignominy, and suffering in the great missionary enterprise which brought him from heaven? Reader, would you see a complete embodiment of the spirit of missions—a perfect model? We point you, not to a Coke, an Asbury, the Judsons, a Newell, a Cox, a Martyn, a Brainard, a Wesley, a Whitefield, nor even to the apostle Paul, but we point you to the WORLD'S REDEEMER—the Lamb of Calvary. Here we see a complete impersonation of the spirit of missions. He, therefore, who would have his soul thoroughly imbued with the genuine missionary spirit—with a heart of gratitude and an eye of faith, should steadfastly look to Jesus, study the character of Jesus, cultivate his blessed spirit, and walk in his footsteps.

Here our article might, with propriety, close, but there is another important practical question so intimately connected with the one just considered, that we can not resist the temptation to ask the reader's indulgence a moment longer. It is this: *By whom should a missionary spirit be possessed?* The answer to this inquiry is very brief and very explicit. Every Gospel-enlightened person *should* possess a missionary spirit, and every real Christian *does* possess it; for the spirit of Christ and the spirit of missions are identical. "If any man have not the spirit of Christ he is none of his." The apostle of course does not mean to assert that every person who does not possess the same *degree* of missionary zeal that Christ possessed has no claim to the

Christian name; but he undoubtedly means that if any person, whatever may be his profession, talents, or standing in the Church, have not, in some degree, the same *kind* of feeling for the unconverted that Christ felt—if he have not at least a *little* of Christ's faith in the promises of God the Father; of Christ's love for perishing souls; of Christ's sympathy with and pity toward the degraded, and his self-consuming zeal for their salvation, he is not recognized by the Savior as a Christian at all, and will be publicly disowned by him at the great heart-investigating day. For he who has no feeling in common with Christ—no fellowship with his labors and sufferings on earth, can have no fellowship with his triumphs in heaven.

Let us not, then, imagine that a missionary spirit is some extraordinary impulse breathed only in the souls of ministers, or a few hardy, stalwart Christians of both sexes, for the accomplishment of some special moral achievement; but remember that its possession is not only the common privilege of every person in whose hands the Bible is placed, whether learned or illiterate, young or old, but is, in fact, the essential element of Christian life. Indeed, the very first impulse of a renewed heart is a missionary impulse; and, therefore, if any of us, on examination, find we have, in any degree, lost our first love for Christ and our irreligious friends, we can not too soon fly to Calvary and seek a fresh baptism of that amazing missionary love which the blessed Jesus manifested in our behalf.

A larger measure and more general prevalence of this spirit in the Church, it seems to us, is the great want of the present times. O when every professed disciple of Jesus practically identifies himself with the enterprise of the world's conversion, and cheerfully does what he can in the sphere, however humble, in which Providence has placed him, remembering those who are in bonds *as bound with them*, not only a wonderful impulse will be witnessed in the work of evangelism, but the happy day of Christian triumph will begin to dawn, when the jubilant notes of millennial glory will every-where be sung: "Al-leluia: for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth."

#### MARRIAGE.

TEMISTOCLES, the great Athenian general, being asked whether he would rather choose to marry his daughter to an indigent man of merit, or to a worthless man of estate, replied, that he should prefer a man without an estate to an estate without a man.

#### A REVIEW OF MODERN SPIRITUALISM.

BY REV. WM. H. FERRIS.

##### ITS INUTILITY—ITS CONTRADICTIONS.

INTENSE pursuit of a single idea or train of thought, for a great length of time, tends strongly to unbalance the mind. They are men of the *one-theory* or *one-idea* type, who perpetrate most the folly of our day; who conjure into existence nearly all the religious wonders of this wonder-loving age. Any man, if he set himself about it, may dream when he is awake, and then mistake his phantasms for realities. Apparitions, like fogs at dawn of day, will float through the brain of men or women who incessantly ride a hobby. Ghosts or sounds will come or go at their bidding. Almost every mental philosophy records numerous instances of sight-seeing and sound-hearing by persons of overwrought intellect, just as *real* and quite as *wonderful* as any found in the fruitful history of spiritualism.

History records of Napoleon I, that previously to his Russian expedition he would lie half reclined on a sofa for hours in profound meditation, forgetful of all about him. Then he would start up convulsively, look wildly about his apartment, fancying he heard his name, and hastily inquire, "Who calls me?"

Persons in this abstract and highly-excited state are near the borders of insanity. Hence it is, that so many of the spiritualists of our day have become inmates of lunatic asylums.

It is claimed that there are thousands of mediums in this country, and Mr. A. J. Davis estimates his followers at 1,500,000. I have not overestimated the greatness and danger of this evil. Every good man should oppose it, and the pulpits of our land can not innocently be silent. Many of the mediums are becoming bold in their impositions. These impositions have been *detected* and *published* to the world by *leading spiritualists*, who probably wish to monopolize a profitable trade. From fifty cents to five dollars are charged for a single interview, and the daily income of the more celebrated mediums in New York city is as high as twenty to thirty dollars. And with some of them this whole affair is *confessedly* a mere matter of gain. But beyond this pecuniary swindle multitudes are unsettled in their religious belief, and attend some spirit lecture or circle rather than the house of God. Many more have seized upon spirit-rapping as a ready weapon of assault upon Christianity.

In former numbers we have looked at the *manner* in which these communications are made—at the *agents* employed, and at the *matter commun-*

cated; and such is the evident absurdity of the whole thing, that a strange amount of credulity is required to become a disciple. But the religious history of our race abounds with proof that man can believe the most stupendous nonsense within the range of a disordered imagination.

Such are the follies and absurdities of this system, that if it could be demonstrated beyond a doubt that the phenomena of spiritualism were produced by beings from the spirit-world, we should feel compelled to reject their messages. Even if we could be assured that they were all good spirits—that their messages were intelligible, and that the different parts agreed, we should still refuse to be led by them; for God has forbidden us to consult spirits, and "we have a more sure word of prophecy whereunto we do well to take heed." As all these spirits are finite they can not be a safe guide to men. But when we find them lurking in the dark—asserting at one time what they deny at another—writing the most senseless jargon of words, and flatly contradicting each other, we are compelled to reject the whole as false.

We will now attempt to tear away from this hydra monster a little more of the covering with which, like an Egyptian mummy, it is wrapt about.

#### WHAT PRACTICAL GOOD COMES OF SPIRITUALISM?

Who is made wiser? What new facts of importance are brought to light? Is the field of knowledge enlarged? Do men really know any more about the spirit-world than formerly? Who is reformed? Where are the fruits? At the introduction of Christianity there were great changes in the moral world; but who is better for believing and practicing spiritualism? Who is the worse for not believing? Great expectations are awakened only to be disappointed. Not a single important fact has been established respecting this world or the next, except that men can make greater fools of themselves than we have been wont to believe.

A new dispensation is announced, more glorious and full than any of the past, glorious as they have been. If this announcement is true, every leaf should stand still and listen to the sublime and transcendent messages; every river should cease to flow, and the planets should stop and listen; angels should attend to carry new tidings of joy to heaven. But behold! the revelations come from a driveling medium, who sits with her hands augustly laid upon a little pine table, herself the impersonation of vacancy, and her messages the very essence of diluted nonsense.

Before I give up the thoroughly utilitarian truths of the Bible, I am anxious to know what better system is to be given in its place. If it is not better then no good can come of change. But if the new theory is essentially Utopian in its character, then interest and duty demand its rejection.

A few passages from the revelations of spiritualism will enable the reader to judge how far he can convert this new system to any practical purposes. The man who can make it subservient to the wants of the race must be a rare genius, and will acquire great fame. One of these "familiar spirits" rapped out that he "wanted a glass of gin!" Another gravely informs us that *John Bunyan is keeping tavern* in the spirit-world.

The spirits appear to be in want of "material aid." One communicated that he wanted to borrow a sum of money in bank notes, promising to pay soon. Whether the spirit offered his note, and what the rate of interest was to be, I am not prepared to say. It looks quite like a Wall-street "shave." If our stock-brokers come to the knowledge of this truth—that money can be loaned to the inhabitants of the "spheres"—they will do a thriving business. They may yet incumber the estate of the blessed with mortgages, and sell out the whole under foreclosure at a fearful discount. Alas! for us, dear reader, our future home may be a bankrupt concern before we get there.

We learn from these wonderful revelations that there is a street in the other world called "*Linden-berg-street*"; that the spirits are now *petting the very same canary and other birds* they had when at home in the body. These spirits declare that they often *play cards*—dancing and parties are frequent among them. At one of these parties in the sixth sphere there were two or three thousand spirits present. They always have music with their dancing. They also have concerts, attended by immense gatherings, when some Jenny Lind sings. The price of tickets is not given.

The wonderful fact has also come to light that Napoleon and Wellington do not agree in the spheres. Napoleon has recently complained that the battle of Waterloo was not fairly fought; Wellington insists that it was won on the most approved principles of the art, and that he could do the very same thing again. To settle this matter they have agreed to wait till the pensioners of their respective armies all arrive, and then fight it over again. Terrible battle that! Will the *spiritual TELEGRAPH* give us an early report of the killed and wounded? I believe, however,

upon reflection, that men do not die beyond this life.

Now, Mr. Editor, if your highly-interesting periodical circulated extensively among the "baser sort," I should be afraid of the effect of what I have written. If gamblers, tavern-keepers, and grog-drinkers should come to learn that heaven is a place for the lowest and basest pleasures and gratifications, many of them might attempt to escape the annoyance of oppressive gambling and Maine laws by a *short passage* to the other world, where they can *fiddle*, and *dance*, and *gamble*, and *drink* to their heart's content. And as for fillibustering, there is a field wide enough for Walker, Atchison, Stringfellow & Co.

Mr. Partridge attributes wonderful power to the spirits. He says, "Spirits have so changed the tastes of men as to render their accustomed tobacco and rum nauseating; in this and other ways they have assisted many persons to reform their vicious and filthy practices." Perhaps Mr. Partridge will inform us where those remarkable specimens of reform are to be found. Shall we look for them among the mediums who have ordered tables made for their use with *hollow tops, springs, and wires*, so adjusted as to produce the raps and tips? Or shall we find them among the mediums whom Mr. Partridge recently visited in New York city, when a *spiritual hand* was to be presented, which hand, when examined in the light, proved to be an *old woolen glove, stuck on the toes of one of the mediums*.

Mr. Partridge, with admirable consistency, publishes this with other tricks of the trade in his paper; calls them *impositions, and then declares his firm belief that this family were real mediums*, and could act through the spirits if they chose—could command a real spirit hand—but chose to substitute a glove stuffed and put upon the foot!

These few extracts—some of them from Professor Mattison's Spirit-Rapping Unvailed—will show that these revelations are without practical importance; that even to those who believe in them, they bring to light nothing worth knowing that was not known before. We now leave this point to show

#### THAT THE SPIRITS CONTRADICT EACH OTHER.

This contradiction is *admitted* by the warmest advocates of the supernal theology. Even if we admit that real spirits are concerned in these messages, their contradiction of each other is fatal; for how can we tell which speak forth the words of truth and which are "lying spirits?" May it not be that they are all of the latter class? The mediums can not tell, for they are passive. If we ask the spirits, there is no liar but will assert

the truth of what he says. What makes the difficulty worse is, that the same spirits contradict themselves.

The spirit of J. C. Calhoun has said, "The spirit life of man *began upon the earth*." Christ said, through Mr. Arnold, "Man was before the earth was." Most of the messages say all spirits are good. Some say they are all devils. The same spirit asserted *both* to the writer.

The Spiritual Telegraph publishes the following: "Mr. Byrne said most mediums tell us there is no devil, and affirm the existence of a God. He had lately met a medium who said there is *no God, but that there is a devil*. This devil communicated with him through the medium, and a great number of questions were answered pertinently and correctly. At last some of the party became dissatisfied, and *the devil was requested to leave, which he did*." Poor fellow, it must have been hard parting with such congenial company; but his best friends have always treated him shabbily, and he is used to being kicked out of doors.

Communications are received from the spirits of men who are *supposed to be dead*, but are still alive in the flesh. A gentleman recently visited Europe for his health, which was so poor as to make his return doubtful. When he came back with improved health, he found, quite to his surprise, that he had not only been dead for some time, but his spirit had actually broken the legs of several old tables and ruined one nice chair. To correct matters he published the following card in the organ of spiritualism in New York: "Messrs. Editors,—Please do me the favor to publish this. On my arrival in this city a week since from France and England, I was surprised to learn that a report was current that I had departed this life some time ago; also that my spirit had rapped out messages, and otherwise manifested itself—some seven or eight mediums in this city, and as many elsewhere, having held intercourse with my departed soul. According to one oracle I had fought a duel and got winged. One said I had died in Germany, another in France, and still another between Dover and Dieppe, France or England. But, sir, to quote the words of Webster, *non verbatim*, 'I an't dead yet.'"

Now, if any of the fraternity would escape the force of this by saying some spirit personated the gentleman, then, I ask, what reliance can be placed upon these spirits? But I suspect the mediums were at fault; they are not all Yankees at guessing.

Answers often profess to come from the spirits

of persons who have *never had an existence* in either world. The following facts are from a friend who visited a celebrated medium not long since. The medium informed the lady a communication had been received for her. After several convulsive twitches the medium said she saw the spirits of three children, but concluded that only two of them belonged to the lady. Mrs. C., affecting great seriousness, inquired, "*Is my dear little Willie here?*" She was at once assured that he was—the spirit of the child answering "*Yes, mamma, I am here.*" The mother then questioned the child through the medium, and was informed that his little sister was frequently with him; that he was always with his dear mother, and saw all she did, and that he and his sister were *employed gathering beautiful flowers*. After a long conversation with Willie, the mother inquired for little sissy, and had a most interesting interview with her, much of the same character as the first. The children were happy, and were anxious that they might have more brothers and sisters to join them company. Willie *complained of fatigue, bade his mother "good-by,"* and the interview closed. The eyes of the medium opened wide when Mrs. C., after a half hour's talk with the spirits of her dear little ones, informed her ladyship that she had *never been the mother of a child, either living or dead.*

At one of the recent public meetings of the spiritualists in an Atlantic city, Dr. Gray, a prominent member, and their moderator, said, "I knew one of the spirits to answer that spiritualism *was all a humbug.* There are *thousands* of such instances. The communications are influenced by the mind of the medium, or the persons asking questions. These communications from the spirits are *GLORIOUSLY UNRELIABLE.*" The sagacious Mr. Partridge answered, "The spirits often give *false answers* to lead the inquirer to further investigation, and to *convince him.*" I suppose if spirits adopt the ethics of Mr. Partridge men may do it. Will this gentleman inform us how many lies a man must tell before he acquires a reputation for veracity? Rather a poor plaster on a bad sore that.

A few years ago one of the Atlantic steamers was delayed on her passage to this country, and at a time when public anxiety was awakened one of the spirits communicated that the steamer would arrive at a certain hour; but she had been disabled and put back to England, and did not arrive till long after the day fixed.

Instances almost innumerable of mistakes have occurred, where persons represented as dead were found to be alive. One of the rappers repre-

sented that a gentleman on his way to California had died on the passage, and had made certain distributions of property to his friends. A letter was afterward received that he had arrived in California, and was in excellent health. The same gentleman received a message that a friend had died three months before in Michigan. A letter from that friend contradicted the spirit.

A western paper publishes the following: "A gentleman was, a few weeks ago, interrogating the invisible author of certain raps as to the disease of which he—the rapper—died. With considerable natural difficulty and delay the reply was spelled out—consumption. The questioner looked a little dissatisfied, and a physician in the company, who was zealous in the faith, hastened immediately to explain that there are a variety of forms of disease, either of which may well enough come under the general name of consumption. 'That's all very well,' said the questioner, 'but it hardly applies in this case, for the man he professes to be was *blown up in a steam-boat.*'"

Mr. Wesley says, through one medium, "I entertained many erroneous views while in the form. The sect who profess to pattern from my life and teachings have all my errors, besides the accumulation of many more, but have not much of the truth. . . . I have often looked back upon my *writings and preaching*, and wished that *oblivion might forever cover them.*" Through another medium the same John Wesley raps out, "My views on Christian theology, which I taught in my ministry, and are set forth in my published works, are *in all essential points the same* that I now have."

A gentleman in New York wrote a fictitious letter to La Roy Sunderland, of quondam notoriety, inclosing a dollar, and inquiring after the spiritual state of a daughter who was represented to have recently died. It was in a disguised hand, and no such daughter had lived or died; but an answer was returned from this archapostate, that he had had an interview with the spirit of the daughter, and she was happy.

Mr. Park, of Georgia, an old bachelor of nearly sixty, was told by a distinguished medium that he had been twice married, and was the father of seven children! (Spirit-Rapping Unveiled.)

A young man at the west, from a sneering skeptic had become a devout believer. He retired to rest with shattered nerves, having been assured by the spirit of his grandfather that he would become a powerful medium. He was in his first comfortable snooze when a slight noise in the direction of the door awoke him. He

listened; the noise was the same that he had heard at the table by the spirits. He cried out, "Who's there?" There was no answer, and the noise stopped. "Any body there?" "No," was the answer. "It must have been a spirit," he said to himself. "I must be a medium. I'll try. [Aloud.] If there is a spirit in the room it will signify the same by saying 'ay'—no, that's not what I mean. If there is a spirit in the room it will please rap three times." Three very distinct raps were given in the direction of the bureau.

"Is it the spirit of my sister?" No answer.

"Is it the spirit of my mother?" Three taps.

"Are you happy?" Nine taps.

"Do you want any thing?" A succession of loud raps.

"Will you give me a communication if I get up?" No answer.

"Shall I hear from you to-morrow?" Raps very loud in the direction of the door. No further response could be had, and the young medium fell asleep. The next morning his *purse, watch, and clothes* were missing, and his dreams of mediumship vanished.

Comment is unnecessary. These and thousands of similar facts proclaim the absurdity, folly, and desperate falsehood of this whole system.

In my next number I shall attempt to show that spiritualism is a system of unmitigated infidelity, and that A. J. Davis is not a whit behind the chief apostles of skepticism.

#### TALK AMONG THE FLOWERS.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

NUMBER I.

ONE who listens attentively may hear voices in the garden and among the fields. Nature's people talk to each other in their own way, and the musing heart understands. A stately hollyhock grew in the border, and was often visited by a large humble-bee.

It was observed that he lingered in the deep, red cup that she made for him, and talked busily with her. The neighboring flowers heard the full tones of his voice, but could not distinguish his words.

At length a tall larkspur bent her ear, and, listening closely, understood him to say, "I am very rich; I have gathered much pollen. I store it in a large wax palace, which I shall fill with honey. None of the humble-bees in the village can compare with me."

"O it must make you very happy," answered the hollyhock, "that when any poor, sick bees

come and ask for help, you will have plenty for them as well as yourself!"

"I can not undertake to feed *them*," he replied. "Every one must provide for himself. I worked hard to get what is mine. Let others go and do the same."

"But will you be able to use all that you have laid up? And if not, what good will it do you?" asked the hollyhock, blushing more brightly from the earnestness with which she spoke.

"I never expect to use the half of it, but I do not choose to give it away. What good will it do me, do you ask? Why, don't I hear people say, there goes the rich bumble-bee? That pleases me."

"I will tell you how to get rich, too. Open your leaves wide when the sun shines, and gather all the beams you can, and keep them close in your secret chamber. Then, when the dews fall, and you have drank as much as possible, shut yourself up, and do not let a single drop escape on the buds below. So you will be sure to grow larger than they."

But the hollyhock said, "There is no avarice among flowers. We take what our Father sends, and are glad. We do not wrinkle our brows with care, or grow old before our time."

The humble-bee drew nearer still and said: "You know nothing at all about the pleasures that wealth can bring. Listen! I think of setting up an equipage. I shall have two glow-worms for postillions—you know their lamps will cost me nothing. But you must not breathe this, for I have not yet mentioned it to my wife."

The hollyhock replied with a clear voice. "There is neither *neum* nor *tuum* among the flower people. We like to share with others the good things that come to us from above. It makes us happier than to sound a trumpet before us and boast of riches with which we do no good."

Then the large humble-bee seemed offended at his friend, the hollyhock, and, buzzing in an angry tone, flew away.

#### FANCY AND IMAGINATION.

ROMANCE is not synonymous with fancy, or sensibility, or depth of heart, though it exists in frequent combination with them, and adds to their attractiveness. It depends upon *imagination*, which is a very different thing from fancy. Fancy would take a mass of colored stones and throw them into a kaleidoscope and change them into numerous beautiful forms; imagination would shape them into a beautiful mosaic statue, as it is a creative plastic power.

## THE CHARMS OF WINTER.

BY MRS. H. C. GARDNER.

PINE ye for the spring-time,  
 For its skies of blue,  
 For the sunny landscape  
 Draperied anew?  
 To the winter's beauty,  
 Let me guide thine eye;  
 To the haunts neglected,  
 To the charms rejected,  
 That forgotten lie.

Smiling on the ridges,  
 Peeping from the hollow cleft  
 Bordering the ledges,  
 See the life and beauty left.  
 There the thick-leaved laurel,  
 And the tasseled pine,  
 In their fadeless mantles,  
 With the ivy shine.

Flowers along the hill-side,  
 Hiding in the drifts,  
 Closely, till the spring-time,  
 Store their fragrant gifts;  
 With their buds close folded,  
 Nestling in the snow,  
 'Neath the dry, dead foliage  
 Of a year ago.

Wist ye, friend, what beauty  
 Waits to be revealed,  
 Sleeping in the forest,  
 Slumbering in the field?  
 Listen! there is music,  
 Not a bird-note swells  
 Up the icy summits,  
 Down the snowy dells;  
 But the frosty breathing  
 Of the wind is there,  
 Whistling through the cypress,  
 And the maples bare.

When the wild storm cometh,  
 Roars the blast amain,  
 While the crisp sleet rattles  
 On the window pane,  
 And the poplars olden,  
 Leafless though they be,  
 Time the furious measure  
 Of the melody.

Music? Yes, how clearly  
 Rings it far and wide,  
 Waking up the mountains,  
 Rousing up the tide!  
 Soft across the valleys  
 Steals a gentle strain,  
 Fairy bells seem chiming  
 O'er the sterile plain;  
 Fairy lutes are playing  
 In the forest aisles,  
 Fairy choirs are chanting  
 Down the long defiles;  
 Nearer—drawing nearer—

Gathering force again,  
 O how sweet and thrilling  
 Is its wild refrain!

## ON THE DEATH OF OUR DEAR ONE.

BY REV. H. SEARS, A. M.

SOFT and silent as the shadows  
 Cast upon the sleeping lake,  
 Or the sparkling dew on meadows  
 Which the gentle zephyrs slake,  
 Lay the angel of her bosom  
 On the mother's heaving breast;  
 'Twas the richly-scented blossom;  
 'Twas the sweetest and the best.  
 But a silent whisper called her  
 From the distant land afar;  
 'Twas the breathings of the Savior  
 Wafted on the evening air;  
 Softly—softly press thy kisses,  
 Mourner, on the lonely shore,  
 Angels bright, with fond caresses,  
 Will conduct her safely o'er.  
 On life's wild, careering ocean,  
 Swiftly glides her fragile bark;  
 As the winged arrow's motion,  
 Or the vivid lightning's spark.  
 Sleep, thou babe, thy pulse is waning,  
 Darkness sits upon the wave,  
 As it wafts thy gentle dreaming  
 To the slumbers of the grave.  
 Still my faith, outstripping fancy,  
 Darts away on mystic flight,  
 And with pinions bathed in glory,  
 Sweeps the boundless fields of light;  
 Higher yet—still higher soaring,  
 Ope the pearly gates on high,  
 While unnumbered lutes are pouring  
 Choral anthems through the sky.  
 Far away on sunny mountains,  
 Where the stately palm-tree grows,  
 And the leap of gushing fountains  
 Wakes the streamlet's soft repose;  
 There, mid angel bands, I see her  
 Vieing with a brilliant throng—  
 Infants singing, "Blessed Savior!"  
 While his glory pours along.

## WHAT IS LIFE:

BY MISS S. T. GRISWOLD.

A MIST in the sun-ray—a leaf on a stream,  
 A bubble unbroken—a beautiful dream,  
 A star passing swiftly athwart the pale sky,  
 A blossom unfolding when winter is nigh,  
 A breath of a zephyr on even's soft wing,  
 A web yet unraveled—a mystical thing,  
 A song of a wave on the ocean-washed strand,  
 A spark from the triune, omnipotent Hand,  
 A pathway that leads to the glory on high,  
 A time so to live that we fear not to die.

## MENTAL ABSTRACTION.

BY THE EDITOR.

ONE of our engravings represents a mathematician absorbed in his favorite study. He is unconsciously boiling his watch, while the egg which was to serve for his breakfast, is held in his hand to mark time. This faculty, or capability of the mind to withdraw its attention from things in general, and to concentrate its powers upon a single object, exhibits many striking phases, and produces many striking results. Abstraction implies not only powerful, but concentrated mental action. It is different from "absence of mind," "reverie;" for in the former case mental activity is concentrated, not suspended; in the latter, the mind is in a state of morbid vacuity, or unmeaning dreaminess. Yet there are many traits common to the two states of mind, and it is scarcely to be wondered that they have often been confounded.

Mental abstraction is an almost universal accompaniment of a great and vigorous intellect. Indeed, little progress can be made either in mental discipline, or in the acquisition of knowledge, without accustoming the mind to those frames or states denoted by abstraction. The student must shut out from his attention surrounding objects, before he can successfully prosecute his studies. The philosopher must shut out the noisy and babbling world before he can employ the full vigor of the intellect in the solution of the great problems of science. The poet must surrender his whole soul to the attractions of his ideal world, before he can body forth the sublime conceptions of his imagination in immortal song.

When the attention becomes intense, so that the whole soul is absorbed in the contemplation of its favorite subject, the mind seems to be cut loose from its connection with the external world; it neither sees nor hears; or it sees and hears vaguely and modifiedly; but the objects then absorbing attention, acquire distinctness, presence, life. Hence it has been well said that poets, painters, sculptors—whom genius has touched with his wing—have all perceived before them the form of the ideal of their dreams. This form was visible to the eyes of their minds—like the ghost of Banquo in *Macbeth*—and often even to their bodily eyes. Indeed, it may seriously be doubted whether there are any immortal creations of genius without something of this materialization of the ideal. Raphael, in alluding to his celebrated picture of the *Transfiguration*, says, that during its progress he might have

been taken for a maniac enthusiast; he forgot his identity, and the scene he was depicting upon the canvas seemed to pass actually before him.

The celebrated Wigan, speaking of a painter who inherited much of the patronage of Sir Joshua Reynolds, says, that he was often so engaged that he painted three hundred portraits in a single year. The thing seemed physically impossible. But the secret of it was this: he required but one sitting from the individual to be painted, and that of but half an hour. Then he was permitted to retire, while the artist painted on—all the while perceiving the man distinctly in the chair, the form and color being even more decided and brilliant. From time to time, the painter would stop to look at the imaginary figure, criticising the posture, and noting the shades, exactly, as though the original were before him; and then he would proceed with his painting. In this way he often achieved a splendid portrait at a single sitting of a few hours. Soon, however, the painter began to lose all distinction between the imaginary and the real figure; the imaginary would often usurp the place of the real. Altercations with his patrons intervened, insanity ensued, and thirty years in the asylum was the result of brilliant powers of imagination overstrained and burdened.

The abstractions of Newton were proverbial. It may not be true that he once inserted the little finger of a lady, whose hand he was holding, into his pipe, mistaking it for a tobacco stopper; or that he made a small hole in his study-door for the exit of the kitten by the side of a large one for the cat. But it is certain that he was once in a *brown study* so near to his grate that his pantaloons were burnt, and his shins nearly roasted; in which condition he rung violently for his servant to come and *remove the grate*.\*

Marullus informs us that Bernard rode all day long by the Lemnian Lake, and at last inquired *where he was*. Archimedes rushed into the street naked from the bath, in an ecstasy at having discovered the alloy in the crown of Syracuse. Pinel tells of a priest, who, in an abstract mood, felt no pain, although part of his body was burning.

"Viote," says Zimmermann, "during his fits of mathematical abstraction, would often remain sleepless and foodless for three days and nights."

And Plato thus records an instance of the abstraction of Socrates: "One morning he fell into one of these raptures of contemplation, and continued standing in the same posture till about noon. In the evening some Ionian soldiers

\* Dendy, p. 354.

went out, and, wrapping themselves up warm, lay down by him in the open field, to observe if he would continue in that posture all night, which he did till the morning, and as soon as the sun rose he saluted it, and retired." This is mental abstraction with a vengeance!

A modern astronomer passed a whole night in the same attitude, observing a phenomenon in the sky, and on being accosted by some of the family in the morning, he said, "It must be thus; I will go to bed before 'tis late!" He had gazed the whole night, and did not know it. It is related of the Italian poet, Marini, that while he was intensely engaged in revising his *Adonis*, he placed his leg on the fire, where it burned for some time without his being aware of it. The power of the mind in withdrawing itself from sensation can scarcely be more strongly exemplified.

Bacon, the sculptor, in a rich, full dress, was finishing Howard's statue in St. Paul's, and, being cold, put on a ragged green and shag waist-coat. In this trim he walked out to call upon some ladies. On his return he told his son where he had been, and that the ladies, notwithstanding their high breeding, were greatly disposed to laugh at nothing. On being convinced of his condition, he remembered that the people he passed also giggled, and cried out, "He does it for a wager."

A writer in an English magazine gives an account of Dr. Hamilton, a profound and clear-headed philosopher, the author of an acute and celebrated "Essay on the National Debt." After all his brilliant parts in the study, in *practical life* he was a mere shadow. The outward world was to him a mere hallucination. "He pulled off his hat to his own wife in the streets, and apologized for not having the pleasure of her acquaintance; went to his classes in the college on the dark mornings, with one of her white stockings on one leg, and one of his own black ones on the other; often spent the whole time of the meeting in moving from the table the hats of the students, which they as constantly returned; sometimes invited them to call upon him, and then fined them for coming to insult him. He would run against a cow in the road, turn round, touch his hat with great politeness, and say, 'Beg pardon, madam; I hope you are not hurt!' At other times he would run against posts, and then chide them for not getting out of his way. And yet, his conversation, all this while, if any one happened to be with him, was perfect logic and perfect music."\*

After this we can no longer call caricatures the abstract philosopher, who boiled his watch, and held his egg in his hand as the time-keeper; or the man who put his candle to bed, and blew himself out; or the lady who believed herself to be a letter in the post-office, but waited patiently for the letter-sorter to examine her, to ascertain if she was single or double.\*

We have already referred to reverie or ecstasy, which is unquestionably a form of abstraction. M. Alfred de Vigny justly observes:

"There are two kinds of reverie—that of weak minds, and that of deep thinkers. Yes, reverie leads to a wilderness of ideas in the poor souls who are in love with thought, and desire it, without being able to obtain it, or to find it in complete and solid strength. Certainly it is a dangerous labyrinth to those who have neither a clear sight nor a firm foot to discover their road. But reverie is the prelude to great creations in minds, like that of St. Jerome, who came forth from the desert stronger than when he entered it, and reappeared, armed and mailed with his grand Christian books. With him, with St. John Chrysostom, with Descartes, with Malebranche, with Dante, with Milton, with Spinoza, reverie is force, power, health, and often even longevity. With them solitude is holy."

Meister likewise describes this creative power of the mind. He says:

"I am persuaded that devotees, lovers, prophets, Illuminati, and Swedenborgians, owe all the wonders of their presentiments, their visions, their prophecies, their conversations with celestial intelligences, their journeys in heaven, and in hell, to the illusions of which this state of mental abstraction renders us susceptible; in a word, all the extravagance and superstition of their contagious reveries. But I do not hesitate, also, to say, that it is probably in this state that men of genius have conceived the most original beauties of their works; that in it the geometrician has solved the problem that had long baffled him; the metaphysician has seen the first glimpse of the most ingenious of his systems; the poet, his most beautiful verse; the musician, the most expressive and most brilliant of his passages; the statesman, the decisive expedient that all the light of his experience had not discovered with his severest calculations; the general, the expansive and rapid *coup d'œil* that fixes the fate of a battle and insures victory."

This special form of mental abstraction, which we call reverie, or ecstasy, has been largely em-

\*Quoted by Upham.

•Dendy, p. 355.

ployed by religious enthusiasts and fanatics. It is largely practiced by the devotees of Buddhism, and the priests of that religion often excel the most abstract of our philosophers. Mr. Moore says:

"It is, indeed, the highest attainment of that superstition for persons so far to abstract themselves as to become unconscious of all external existence. Thus, we find individuals among them habitually submitting with the most profound composure, to inflictions and influences, which, to ordinary mortals, would induce the most terrible torment; but they really do not feel them, because they determine not to feel."

The modes, or means of getting into this state of mental absorption, may be interesting to our readers, should any of them wish to try the experiment. "The Fakirs invert their eyes in silent contemplation on the ceiling, then, gradually looking down, they fix both eyes, squinting at the tip of the nose, till, as they say, the blessings of a new light beam upon them. The monks of Mount Athos were accustomed, in a manner equally ridiculous, and with the same success, to hold converse, as they fancied, with the Deity. Allatius thus describes the directions for securing the celestial joys of Omphalopsychian contemplation: 'Press thy beard upon thy breast, turn thine eyes and thoughts upon the middle of thine abdomen; persevere for days and nights, and thou shalt know uninterrupted joys, when thy spirit shall have found out thy heart and illuminated itself.'

We often hear it said, that "there is but a step from the sublime to the ridiculous." Of this our profoundest philosophers often gave us practical exemplification.

Again: the practical absurdities into which such men fall, the innocent puerilities of which they are unconsciously guilty, are a striking demonstration of the finite bounds set to the human intellect.

Still another lesson and admonition to humble our pride and check our presumption, are embodied in the fact that mental abstraction—so essential to all greatness of intellect—is, after all, very closely allied to insanity. Only let it be pushed to undue excess, and the harmonious adjustment of the mental powers is broken up, and wild disorder and mental ruin ensue.

Thus do our mental characteristics contain a "sober" as well as "ludicrous side."

It is not learning *much*, but learning *late*, that makes pedants.—*Hannah More.*

## A VISIT TO GIRARD COLLEGE.

BY REV. J. R. ANDERSON.

MY readers need not be informed how, that through the intercession of one of the ex-councilmen of the goodly city of Philadelphia, I found my way into Girard College, but will understand why, after having gained admission within its gates, I feared I should never enjoy again a similar privilege. It was prudent, therefore, in me to make the best use of this, to see the buildings, the boys, and the curiosities, and after finding, in one of the officers of the institution—Mr. Thomas Perrins—a very capable guide, to render myself indebted to him for his kind attentions.

There are six buildings within the inclosure, a very pleasant play-ground, and beautiful plats covered with grass and flowers, and laid out by delightful walks, prepared in the very best manner which a cultivated taste could suggest.

Immediately upon entering the gate, which is on the southern part of the inclosure, we found ourselves upon the walk which leads directly to the main building of the college. This is a massive marble structure, into which we ascended by marble steps; and the first thing which met our gaze, after passing the vestibule, was the sculpture of Stephen Girard, the great founder of the institution. This is placed upon a large pedestal, beneath which, we were informed, all that is mortal of the old man sleeps, and around whose base we found growing quite a variety of rare and elegant plants, the whole being protected by an iron inclosure. The sculpture is neatly executed, and is an exact likeness of the original. The coat, vest, pantaloons, cravat, and collar are all shown in it; and the bald head and the blind eye are there too. The artist has put a smile upon the countenance. It is one of self-gratulation and congratulation, and a person of a strong imagination, who looks upon it while a crowd is standing near, fancies that, could Girard's spirit speak through the marble to the people, he would say, "See! here is the fruit of my life-toils, and the monument of my munificence." That munificence has drawn many hearts toward the old man's memory; for on the day that we saw the statue it was surrounded from the shoulders with a wreath of evergreens; but that was the anniversary of his birthday.

In the rear of the statue is the lecture-room, which is capable of containing about five hundred persons, and which may be entered immediately from the vestibule, or from an ante-room on the east side of the building. We entered it by the

latter way, and found it full of happy orphans, toward whom the childless Girard is even now acting the part of a father. It was rather through a special courtesy that we were admitted thus, and afterward furnished with seats; and these, too, were great favors; for when the more public entrance was opened there came in quite a throng of people, the most of whom were compelled to stand during the anniversary exercises. These exercises were very interesting. Governor Pollock and his Secretary of State, Hon. Mr. Curtin, were present at them, together with many of the members and ex-members of the city councils. President Allen and his teachers were also there, the most of whom are ladies. Previous to the commencement of the exercises, and before any persons were on the platforms, I observed upon the stand a book. It was the book of God, which, I am informed, is the text-book on morality for the college; and could there be a better? It was removed near the time when President Allen conducted Governor Pollock and the other guests into the room. I had seen the President before, noble-looking man that he is! having a vigorous body, a high and expansive forehead, and a pleasant countenance, upon which wit and humor have made their impress in despite of all that mental abstraction could do to the contrary. The Governor carried in his hand a bouquet of flowers. This was sufficient to designate him. When he had seated himself, a few glances at him revealed to the observer his real character. Good sense, good humor, a sound judgment, and a healthful body are the things that you instantly perceive in the man. He was introduced by the President, and an orphan delivered to him an address of welcome, to which he briefly and eloquently replied. In it he referred to the Bible, and urged his youthful hearers to love and read it. The Governor is a Christian gentleman; and to show what has often been said, that

"The boy is father to the man,"

I can not refrain from telling an anecdote of him, which was first related by the Rev. Mr. Edgar, of Easton, Pennsylvania, a college-mate of his at Princeton. While there, Mr. Pollock was always affable, and yet the legal umpire of his class. He could compose a ballad, or crack a joke, be serious or cheerful; was a friend and companion to all, and more than twenty years ago was there elected to be Governor of Pennsylvania, and President of the United States. His present position proves that his youthful friends were right in part: his future will affirm or deny the rest. Should he not be President, it may perhaps be said of him, as Napoleon said of himself, "He

has missed his destiny," at least that which was accorded to him by his classmates at college.

There was also an annual address delivered on the occasion by the Hon. Joseph R. Chandler. Mr. Chandler is known to this whole nation as a Roman Catholic, and among the Freemasons as a master in the craft. The man, his speech, his audience, and his company must have produced upon the minds of his auditors a curious blending of contrary ideas. Girard was born in the bosom of the Roman Catholic Church, and baptized there. He grew up to manhood and became a practical business man, and his biographer, Simpson, assures us that during most of his life he was an enthusiastic admirer of Voltaire, whose works he had in his library. When he became aged, he hated priesthood and priests most heartily, and took great care that there should be a clause in his will excluding them forever from the college premises. His will, in this particular, is sacredly carried out; and any person who wishes to take an observation of things within the walls had better, for the time, forget that he belongs to the fraternity, or keep his own secret. And this prohibition—whatever was the design of it—has worked well for Protestantism. It appeared so, at least to us, while listening to Mr. Chandler. Had Mr. Girard made any provision for the religious instruction of the children, it is natural to suppose that the teachers whom he would have chosen would have been the priests of the Roman Catholic Church; and what an immense power would they have wielded with such an institution! But, as it is, according to Mr. Chandler's own showing, "every student who has left the college, upon his return to his parents, has adopted their form of religion," though with a mind well enlightened with respect to morality. This morality, however, he has learned from the Bible. "The Bible," said Chillingworth, "the Bible is the religion of the Protestants."

The exercises were interspersed with singing, and at their close the officers of the college, the guests, and the children retired to prepare for supper. We went from the lecture-room, accompanied by Mr. Perrins, to see what further might interest us.

We returned to the vestibule, and soon became interested in examining the flights of marble stairs which connect the stories of the main building together. They really seemed to have no support, excepting that which is derived from the walls of the building, by the side of which they ascend. We could scarcely detect an arch, though we were informed that it is on that prin-

iple they are supported, the steps being thus compelled to sustain each other, and the entire flight being secured by firm bases, both above and below. But being sure they would not fall by our weight, we ascended to the second story, which we found to be divided into school-rooms, which are also entered by a vestibule. In this vestibule we had a fine opportunity of judging of the effect of the voice under an arched ceiling, as the echo of it here, when several persons are engaged in speaking, produces quite a confusion of sounds. It was this reverberation that compelled the adoption of the canvas ceilings, which we found in all the rooms, and which perfectly conceals the arches. The school-rooms are pleasant, and filled with the furniture usually found in such places.

We ascended into the third story and entered into the museum. A few pictures were hanging against the walls, and curiosity or bookcases, filled with choice volumes, stood on every side of the room. I could only glance over the library, and at this moment can call up the works of but one man to my recollection. These are works whose absence, perhaps, would not be regretted in most studies. They are found in the bookcase at the northern part of the room. They are the works of Voltaire. I looked along one shelf and counted twenty-two volumes. "Voltaire wrote a great deal!" I exclaimed. I raised my eyes to the shelf above and counted till I reached the forty-fourth volume: "He was certainly a very voluminous writer," thought I. I still raised my eyes, and glancing them along they soon rested on the sixty-sixth volume. "Are there any more?" I inquired, and without waiting for a reply looked to the shelf above; there I saw the seventieth volume. In a moment these words of Cowper came to my mind, which I repeated:

"Lived long, *wrote much*, laughed heartily, and died." Who cares for Voltaire now? The Bible will be in every house in this wide world as a God-honored book when all his writings shall be forgotten.

In this room is also preserved the furniture of Mr. Girard, among which is a writing-case of very curious construction, and several old-fashioned chairs. A three-cornered hat, which he wore occasionally, is there also, and much of his clothing. But he has gone. These relics remind us of him and of the frailty of human life. How soon is it cut off, and we flee away! We leave our works, our wealth, and even our old clothes behind us. But where are we?

This main building is almost exclusively of marble. The floors, the ceilings, the walls, and

the partitions are marble. The doors and door-cases are of wood. They are the exceptions. The orphans of Philadelphia

"Dwell in marble halls."

This building is surrounded with thirty-six pillars of the Corinthian order, which extend from the base to the roof, and are constructed and arranged with exquisite taste. Its length is from north to south, and its breadth from east to west. It stands in the center of the group, having two smaller marble structures on either side.

These four buildings are uniform in their external appearance. They would be considered elegant did they stand alone, but the magnificence of the principal structure eclipses their splendor. They are devoted to different purposes. The President and one of the professors occupy the most easterly one with their families, the teachers have their homes in another; in a third the officers of the city council have a room, and the remainder of it, and the whole of the fourth are devoted to the scholars. We enjoyed the pleasure of visiting every room in one of these, and seeing how well the children are provided for. In the bath-room we observed that every boy had his basin, his tooth-brush, his hair-brush, and his neatly-folded towel. In the bed-rooms there was a bed for every child, upon a substantialstead, and covered neatly with clothes, the sheets and pillow-cases of which were white and clean. In the wardrobe sat two ladies busied with their needles, who informed us that five suits of clothing were allowed yearly to each boy. And in the dining-room the tea-tables were set out, and at every plate there was a large orange, a fine slice of cake, and other good things in the way of life's realities. A few young soldiers were already seated waiting for the rest of the army and the word of command, who appeared perfectly prepared for the work of demolition. We were a little surprised at the task allotted to them, but soon recollect that it was an unusual one, as they were required to be particularly brave on the birthday of their patron.

The building devoted to culinary purposes is not of marble, and is the most westerly of the group. We were informed that it was for this use, but we did not visit it. To the south of it, and separated as a distinct apartment within the inclosure, is the play-ground. When the boys are there the bland breezes enable them to perceive the good things coming, as a lion scents his prey. Happily go they to the ground to get an appetite, and they leave it with an assured hope that it shall be satisfied.

About three hundred boys are in the college.

They are orphans, many of whom, were it not for Mr. Girard's munificence, would, *to-day*, be struggling against want and penury, and compelled to spend that portion of their lives which should be devoted to mental and physical cultivation in depressing and exhausting labors, poorly fed, poorly clothed, unloved and uncared for. The city of Philadelphia owes Mr. Girard a large debt of gratitude. Her orphans arise and call him blessed. His should become a household name, for he has provided a blessing for every household, and whenever it is mentioned it should be thus spoken of:

Girard, the mariner, the merchant, the citizen,  
He has adopted our orphans for a thousand generations.

The sun was setting in mellow beauty when we returned to the gate on our way from the inclosure. I met the gentleman who was in charge there and seized his hand. "Come to see me," said I, with a full heart. "I will," said he, "but it must be on a rainy day; for when it is pleasant I must go to my own church down into the city; yours is nearer, and I can visit it at such a time." But he misapprehended me: I meant that he should visit me at my home. And he, too, had discovered the truth in my case. Who had informed him that I was a minister? But the discovery was made too late for him, and sufficiently early for my own convenience and pleasure. I could not bear very well to be politely dismissed from his presence; for I fancied that when my guardian angel informed Mr. Girard of my innocent deception, he smiled as he does in the statue and freely forgave me.

### I'LL PRAY.

BY MRS. MARY JANE PHILLIPS.

WHEN the day-star gilds the eastern sky,  
And along the earth soft shadows lie;  
Ere breaks the sun's first cheering ray,  
I'll kneel and to my Savior pray.  
  
When the noon-tide sun, with fervid light,  
Dispels the shades of the darksome night;  
Stealing from earthly cares away,  
I'll kneel and to my Savior pray.  
  
When the wearied sun sinks down to rest,  
And daylight fades away in the west,  
And twilight draws her curtains gray,  
Again I'll kneel, again I'll pray.  
  
When I awake at the midnight hour,  
In gratitude to the all-wise Power,  
That keeps me safe both night and day,  
I, to my Savior, God, will pray.  
  
When sorrows rise and my heart is sad,  
When life hath lost all the charms it had,  
And trouble o'er me holds its sway,  
Ah! then I'll kneel and humbly pray.

### THE WAY OF HOLINESS.

BY MRS. M. A. BIGELOW.

O let me seek that path  
Where winds of woe,  
And storms of sin and wrath,  
Can never blow!  
  
The star of heavenly hope  
Has ever beamed  
Along the way cast up  
For the redeemed.  
  
It is a blissful way,  
Safe and secure;  
Leading to realms of day,  
A pathway sure.  
  
All other paths we tread  
Through this dark clime,  
Must be with fears o'erspread,  
With cares of time.  
  
But O! this holy way  
The vulture's eye,  
And hideous beasts of prey,  
Shall ne'er descry!  
  
Then let me seek the path  
Where winds of woe,  
And bitter storms of wrath,  
Can never blow.

### SHALL I KNOW THEE IN HEAVEN?

BY NANNIE CLARK.

SHALL I know thee there? shall I know thee there?  
Will thy happy spirit the same smiles wear  
That now on thy placid features play  
Like a ray from heaven? say, loved one, say.  
Shall I know thy voice? shall I know thy voice?  
Will it just as soon my heart rejoice,  
As when in song on my ear it fell  
Like angel tones? tell, loved one, tell.  
  
Wilt thou love me still? wilt thou love me still?  
Shall friendship wrought by heavenly skill  
There be dissolved? wilt thou not seek  
Me 'mong the angels? speak, loved one, speak.  
Thy lips are still; thou hast forgot  
To answer me, but I blame thee not;  
For thou hast heard the angel's lay,  
And they've charmed thy spirit, sweet Nelly, away.  
Thou speakest not; but, hark! I hear  
An answer come from my Bible here—  
A ray of light o'er my heart is thrown—  
"There we shall know as we are known."  
We'll smooth the curls on thy brow so cold,  
And softly and gently thy arms we'll fold,  
And we'll wrap thy form in the spotless white,  
And whisper to thee our last good-night.  
And when we have ended our dull life dream,  
And have launched our barks on death's sunless  
stream;  
On its billowy tide we shall be borne  
To hail thee there, with a glad, good-morn.

## EDITOR'S REPOSITORY.

### Scripture Cabinet.

THE UNCHANGING GOODNESS OF GOD.—“*The earth is full of the goodness of the Lord.*” *Psalm xxxiii, 5.*

The benevolence of the Creator is every-where manifest in the universe, both in the arrangements of nature and in the constitution of living beings. It every-where underlies the confusion with which the sin of man has over-spread the surface of human life. Beneath the varied troubles and the shifting turbulence of evil, the laws of harmony and order remain unchangeable. It is but the surface of the ocean, and but a little portion of the surface, that can be seen at once; and, while the clouds and storms sweep over it, and darkness covers its face, we may imagine it to be in commotion through all its depths. But beneath the varying tempests, and the fitful agitations of the surface, the great deep remains ever the same. So is the goodness of God beneath the evils of life. These are constantly changing and shifting their forms. New blights, new pestilences are continually rising in the place of old. Pests hitherto unknown attack the fruits of the ground: new and strange diseases lie in wait for the lives of men. Plague and small-pox are checked by human improvements and ingenuity, and malignant cholera springs up to do their work.

But God is unchangeable, and the laws of his universe are abiding. No derangement can be permanent; no ills can establish their dominion over the course of nature. The thorn and the thistle may overrun the fields of the sluggard; the tempest may sometimes carry desolation to the most diligent; or, on the other hand, man may increase and improve the productions of nature by attention and ingenuity; but the laws of nature on which he depends retain their constancy from age to age. The gifts of a munificent Providence are shed forth in abundance from year to year. Famine is the exception, and does not overpower the rule.

The bodily frame of man, so fearfully and wonderfully made, is subject to varied and numerous disorders. Ten thousand arrangements and adjustments must combine within and around us; ten thousand forces must be exactly balanced, to maintain happiness and even life for a single moment. It is the exception, not the rule, when one arrangement falls into disorder. It is the exception, when a single force of so many runs into deficiency or excess, and gives rise to internal derangement of the system, or pollutes without us the breath of life.

THE MYSTERY OF INIQUITY.—“*The mystery of iniquity doth already work.*” *2 Thess. ii, 7.*

We can not fathom the mystery of iniquity to its origin. Experience gives us no information; conscience is silent; Scripture does not satisfy curiosity. But we see that we are able to do evil; experience, conscience, and Scripture concur, that its worst injury is to ourselves. They declare that God abideth holy, and has given us some power of coming nearer to the law of harmony and holiness. It is the practical lesson of all religion, natural and revealed—live by the law of love to God and man and evil will not hurt you. Even suffering will cease to in-

jure; it will elevate and purify the soul, and will work out the high destiny appointed it. The heathen stoic could repay him for suffering by the pride of self-esteem, and the complacency of conscience. Even he conjectured that the Spirit of God dwells with the virtuous, and could live in active goodness and equanimity. It should not be difficult to the Christian, to whom the truth is something more than a conjecture. He need not be disquieted by the ills of time, nor anxious about the destinies of eternity. He may trust in God and be at peace. He need not have recourse to uncertain fancies, such as that of “the neutral angels,” who neither stood nor fell; nor seek, in a state prior to life, to account for the inequalities of the present. His eye is toward the future. He is satisfied that God knows all things, and will set all things right. It is enough that he is the eternal Lord, as well as the Lord of this life of time. Suffering in time is without rule that we can perceive, and points to a future judgment in righteousness. Suffering in eternity can not befall us, but through our own fault. Of this truth the soul may find an evidence in itself. If it suffer, it will be self-condemned. The eternal Lord is the creator of this life of time. TIME IS SHORT, ETERNITY IS LONG.

“FOR WHAT THE CHRISTIAN IS TO LIVE.”—I am to live in this world of sin and strife, that I may do all in my power to renew the harmony of heaven upon earth. I may anticipate, what prophets indicate, the fulfillment of the prayer, “Thy will be done in earth, as it is in heaven.” But I am thus to live, though discord reign and vice predominate on earth. This little world of man’s is but a speck in the illimitable heavens; whose laws, in their myriads of suns, are unbroken from age to age: the life of man but a moment in eternity: the whole universe of change but as a passing shadow to the unchangeable and infinite One. I am thus to live, even in a world of sin, that I may be capable of a sinless perfection, and may live in a perfect moral world, in the kingdom of Jesus Christ our Lord; where the will of God is done eternally, and his laws evermore unbroken; where all is harmony, and holiness, and happiness, and unity, and peace, and love.

NO CERTAIN ABIDING PLACE.—“*Mine age is removed from me as a shepherd’s tent.*” *Isa. xxxviii, 12.*

The tents of the east seldom remain long in the same place. The traveler erects his temporary abode for the night, takes it down in the morning, and journeys onward. The shepherds of the country, also, are constantly moving from one place to another. The brook fails on which they relied for water, or the grass required for the support of their flocks is consumed, and they wander to a new station. “There is something very melancholy,” writes Lord Lindsay, “in our morning flittings. The tent-pins are plucked up, and in a few minutes a dozen holes, a heap or two of ashes, and the marks of the camel’s knees in the sand, soon to be obliterated, are the only traces left of what has been, for a while, our home.” Hence, this rapid change of situation, this removal from

one spot to another, without being able to foresee to-day where the wanderer will rest to-morrow, affords a striking image of man's life—so brief, fleeting, uncertain. Thus Hezekiah felt in the near prospect of death: "Mine age is departed, and is removed from me as a shepherd's tent." *Isaiah xxxviii, 12.* Jacob calls his life a pilgrimage—*Genesis xlvi, 9*—with reference to the same expressive idea. The body, as the temporary home of the soul, is called a "tent" or "tabernacle," because it is so frail and perishable. Thus Paul says, in *2 Corinthians v, 1*: "For we know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved"—taken down is the proper term—"we have a building of God, an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." The apostle Peter employs the same figure: "Yea, I think it meet, as long as I am in this tabernacle, to stir you up, by putting you in remembrance; knowing that shortly I must put off this my tabernacle, even as our Lord Jesus Christ hath showed me." *2 Peter i, 13.*

The following remarks of Mr. M'Cheyne, one of the Scotch delegation to the Jews in Palestine, breathe the spirit of a true Christian pilgrim. They have a more tender interest from the fact that he who wrote them was called so soon to finish his wanderings, and exchange the earthly tabernacle for his permanent home in heaven. Speaking of his journey through the desert, he says: "Living in tents, and moving among such lonely scenes for many days, awakened many new ideas. It was a strange life that we led in the wilderness. Round and round was a complete circle of sand and wilderness shrubs; above, a blue sky without a cloud, and a scorching sun. When evening came the sun went down as it does in the ocean, and the stars came riding forth in their glory; and we used to pitch our tents all alone, with none but the poor Bedouins and the camels, and our all-knowing, all-loving God, beside us. When morning began to dawn our habitations were taken down; often we found ourselves shelterless before being fully dressed. What a type of the tent of our body! Ah! how often taken down before the soul is made meet for the inheritance of the saints in light!"

It was amid such scenes—scenes too suggestive of such reflections—that the patriarchs spent most of their days. One can hardly open the early pages of the Bible anywhere, and not discover a new meaning in them when he reads them in the light of such descriptions. It will be seen, too, from this example, how readily a person falls into the use of the same figures when placed in the situation of the sacred writers.

**THE TEXTS OF KEDAR.**—"I am black as the tents of Kedar." *Solomon's Song i, 5.*

The goats of the east are commonly black, and a species of cloth is made from their skins, having the same color. This is the article commonly used by the Arabs for covering their tents. In approaching Bethlehem from the direction of the desert, I passed an encampment of this people, whose tents were all made of this black cloth, and which presented a striking appearance, especially as contrasted with the white canvas tents to which I had been accustomed hitherto, and which travelers so generally employ in that country. At Tekoa, Amos's birth-place, six miles south of Bethlehem, I beheld a similar scene. The settlement there consisted of two small groups of tents, one larger than the other; they were covered with the black cloth before mentioned, supported on several poles, and turned up in part on one side, so that a person from without could look into the interior.

The Arab tents which I saw on the Phenician plain, between Tyre and Sidon, were covered with the same material. In crossing the mountains of Lebanon, the path of the traveler leads him often along the brow of lofty summits, overlooking deep valleys, at the bottom of which may be seen the long, black tents of migratory shepherds.

It is this aspect of a Bedouin encampment that supplies the comparison in Solomon's Song—i, 5—"I am black, but comely, O ye daughters of Jerusalem, as the tents of Kedar, as the curtains of Solomon." It is the just remark of a certain traveler that "it would be often difficult to describe the epithet 'comely' to the tents of the orientals, viewed singly; but as forming part of a prospect they are a very beautiful object." Being pitched often in the midst of verdant meadows watered by a running brook, their appearance, as beheld by the distant observer, is the more pleasing from the contrast of colors which strike the eye. The pure atmosphere and brilliant sunshine of the east, it will be remembered, give an almost prismatic effect to every object.

I add, for the sake of explanation, that Kedar was the name of an Arabian or Ishmaelitish tribe, who, like nomadic wanderers in general, appear to have dwelt in different places at different times. They are mentioned repeatedly in the Old Testament. The Psalmist, for instance—*cxx, 5*—alludes to them in the expression, "Woe is me that I dwell in the tents of Kedar!" They seem to have had a bad pre-eminence above others of their race as a quarrelsome, belligerent people.—*Professor Hackett.*

**THE MIRAGE, OR WATERS THAT FAIL.**—"Wilt thou be altogether unto me as a liar, and as waters that fail?" *Jeremiah xv, 18.*

The appearance called in Hebrew and Arabic *scrab*, and by us from the French, the *mirage*, is an optical illusion, said to be produced by the reflection of salient objects on the oblique rays of the sun, refracted by the heat of the burning sand. The Koran describes it as "a vapor in the plain which the thirsty traveler thought to be water, till when he cometh thereto, he findeth it to be nothing." One of our poets describing it, says,

"The hot air quivers, and the sultry mist  
Floats on the desert, with a show  
Of distant waters."

This "show of distant waters," sometimes clear and calm like a waveless lake, at other times dark, troubled, and rolling in billows to the shore, we frequently saw in the desert. So complete is the illusion, that the Bedouins themselves are not unfrequently deceived by it. Thus deceived who has not often been by the mirage of life, the promises, pursuits, and prospects of "this present evil world," which have proved to so many what, in a dark and evil hour of unbelief, the prophet was almost tempted to fear, that the Fountain of life and truth itself would prove to him "a liar, and as waters that fail."

**A PASSION FOR PREACHING.**—"I have preached righteousness in the great congregation; lo, I have not refrained my lips." *Psalm xl, 9.*

Dr. Payson's love for preaching was, we are told, as invincible as that of the miser for gold. He directed a label to be attached to his breast, with the words, "Remember the words which I spake unto you, while I was yet present with you," that they might be read by all who came to look at his corpse, and by which he, being dead, still spake. The same words, at the request of his people, were engraven on the plate of the coffin, and read by thousands on the day of his interment.

## Papers Critical, Exegetical, and Philosophical.

### THE SACRED NUMBERS.

BY REV. D. D. WHEDON, D. D.

The most casual readers of the Scriptures can scarce have failed to observe that there are certain numbers to which a sacred meaning seems attributed; the origin of which sacredness is involved in profound antiquity, though its reality is sanctioned by inspiration. A profound investigation of this subject was first successfully made by Dr. Bahr, of Eichstett, in the German language, which was first introduced to the American reader in the form of an extended Excursus, by Professor Stuart, of some twenty-three pages, in his commentary on the Apocalypse. To this Excursus we are indebted for much of the raw material of the present article.

The decimal numbers, tens, hundreds, thousands, etc., are obviously founded on the practical ease and beauty of these numbers which have rendered them the basis of arithmetic the world over. But the favorite numbers, for which no such reason is assignable, are three, four, seven, and twelve. Assuming the unit as the seed of numbers, rather than a number itself, the primary number being 3, then the unit added to THREE makes the FOUR, (3+1=4;) THREE added to FOUR makes the SEVEN, (3+4=7;) and THREE into FOUR makes TWELVE, (3×4=12.) *Three* is therefore the mother number.

#### NUMBER THREE.

*Three* is emphatically the divine number, as indicative of the Creator, or original being—God. The Divine substance, being pure, original, simple, spiritual substance is *unit*. Existing eternally, and mysteriously, it is the primal *secret* of the universe. This God incommunicable—the dim background of Deity—generates a Revealer or manifested self; and thence a third all-pervading Effluence. In this, and similar modes of development, a tri-unity is recognized in the mind of all reflective antiquity. Perhaps all the great primary religions of the world, from the eastern verge of China to the western shore of Ireland, nay, with the continent of America, are more or less clearly Trinitarian.

In the Hindoo theology Para-Brama is the background who develops into Brahma, the *Creator*, Vishnu, the *Preserver*, and Shiva, the *Destroyer* and *Renewer*. Among the Buddhists we have the Trine, Buddhas, the Reverler, Dharmas, the Revealed, and Sangghas, the hosts who obey the revelation. In the Chaldee oracles it is said, “Unity hath produced a second which dwells in it, and shines in intellectual light; from this proceeds a third which shines through the whole world.” The Phenician theology assigns to the universe a triplet principium; *Jupiter*—the heavens—the *earth*, and *love* which united the two. Among the Chinese the name of deity is *Tao*; that is, the Three-one. The celebrated *Tao-Tsee* says that “*Tao* [the original godhead] is by his nature one; but the first has produced a second; the second a third; and these three have created all things.” Among the Persians, from Zervane Akerene, or the *Uncreated Time*, was generated Oromasd, the Good, and Ahriman, the Evil. They had also Mithras as mediator god—between the Good and Evil—to whom they assigned the *triangle* as a symbol. Among the Egyptians, from Athor, or the Original Night, were the *Three*, Kneph, Phthas, and Osiris; which,

in the natural world, are symbolized by *light*, *fire*, and the *sun*; and in the ideal world, by omnipotence, wisdom, and goodness.

“The Orphic theosophy, [says Professor Stuart,] which lies at the basis of all the Grecian theogory, and which was confessedly derived from the east, makes a trinity of gods, differently named by different persons and places to stand at the head. And so with the gods of Samothrace; namely, Axieros, Axiokersa, and Axiokersos, who spring from the τὸ Ήλύς—the great *All*. The ancient European northern hordes, who came from the Asiatic regions, has a similar theosophy. The old Prussians called their trinity Perlunos, Pikollos, and Potrimpos; the ancient Swedes worshiped Odin, Thor, and Friggo. The old Pomeranians called their god Triglav; that is, three-headed; the Scandinavians worshiped Othin, Vile, and Ve; the old Irish, Kriosan, Biosena, and Siva. And the like phenomena have been found among the Indians of South America, the West Indies, and other places.”

Among the Greeks and Romans, the number three often appears in sacred things. Virgil, Eclog. viii, 73, says, “These three threads, diversified by three different colors, I bind around; three times I carry the effigy around these altars; the god delights in this uneven number.” On this, Servius, the ancient commentator, remarks: “The threefold perfect number that [the Romans] assigned to the supreme God, from whom is the beginning, middle, and end.” Plutarch (de Isid. c. 46:) οὐδὲ κατατελεῖται τοῖς θεοῖς ποτὲ τριῶν εἴτε—the Greatest and Dichest Nature consists of three. And Plato (de Leg. iv, 716) says: “God, according to the ancient saying, contains the beginning, the end, and the middle of all things.”

Among the Hebrews no mere impersonal God or abstract divine substance appears. Nor does the Old Testament distinctly and explicitly reveal a Trinity as such. Still an occult plurality in the godhead seems implied in various ways. The ordinary term for deity is *Elohim*, which is a plural noun. Says Simon Ben Joachi, an ancient rabbi, as quoted by Dr. Clarke on Gen. i, 1: “Come, see the mystery of the word *Elohim*; there are three degrees, and each degree by itself alone; and yet they are all one, and joined together in one, and not divided from each other.” “De Witte, himself, acknowledges,” says Professor Stuart, “that there is a threefold idea of the godhead in the Old Testament, as supreme Governor, as God revealed, and as the Spirit who operates in all things.” In view of this fact, and the plural name, *Elohim*, we can not but recognize a reference to this occult divine plurality in the phrases in Genesis, *Let us make man, Let us go down, Become like one of us*. The trine benediction in Num. vi, 24-26, illustrates the triple nature of this plurality, to which we may parallel as a beautiful interpretation, the Christian benediction, so properly used in dismissing our assemblies, 2 Cor. xiii, 14: “The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ,” etc., as well as the formula of baptism, in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. The Trisagion, or Thrice-Holy of Isaiah, קָדוֹשׁ קָדוֹשׁ קָדוֹשׁ, קָדוֹשׁ (Ch. vi, 3,) repeated Rev. iv, 8, have the same occult reference. And in this last passage, the true description of eternity, *which is, and*

was, and is to come, being an expansion of the meaning of the word Jehovah, develops an occult trinity, even in that incommunicable name.

The *triangle*, as symbolical of Deity, is a most expressive image of the trine nature. It is in use among the Hindoos. A triangle with its point upward is the symbol of Shiva; with the point downward, of Vishnu. Among the Chinese, also, the same symbol is used for the divinities. A tripod they call spirit, from its symbolical significance. This visible and tangible emblem conveys to us a very vivid impression of the general faith of the religious world in a Trinity of the divine nature.

These illustrations are by no means all the proof in the case, but they amply show that *three* is not only a *sacred*, but pre-eminently the *divine* number.

#### THE SACRED NUMBER FOUR.

As the number *three* indicated God, so the number *four* indicated the creation. For *four* contains and depends upon *three* for its existence, and yet requires unit to be added to make it *different from* three. As *three* represents the *divine*, so *four* represents the *created* or *mundane*.

Hence we may remark, that as the second term, or unit, in the *THREE*, belongs not to the *FOUR*, so in Christian theology, the second person, or *Logos*, of the Trinity does not belong to created beings, but to the uncreated nature.

The followers of that most ancient of Greek theosophists, Pythagoras, paid mystic regard to the number four, invented for it a peculiar name, the *Tetrakty*—by which they swore. The *Tetrakty* they held to be an emblem of the *kosmos*, or the Universal *Order*, or creation. This is a most obvious idea, for the *square* is the most *orderly* of figures. A surface of squares, unlike a surface of circular figures, will adjust or square to each other, without interspace or discrepancy. Besides, all solids were conceived to have the four dimensions—length, breadth, height, and depth. And the most perfect of all solids, and therefore the most perfect emblem of the *kosmos*, the *cube*, has four squares—being a *four of fours*!

This relation between the four and the *kosmos*, being once the starting-point, we might expect that *four* would be detected in various arrangements of the world. *Four* are the elements—earth, air, fire, and water. *Four* are the cardinal points that intersect the globe. *Four* are the seasons that sweep over its face. *Four* are the stages of day—morning, noon, eve, and midnight. *Four* are the *phases* of the moon. And *four*, too, are the phases of human life—infancy, youth, manhood, and age. “There are four ways of production,” says the *Upanishat*, a celebrated Hindoo sacred book, “from the egg, from the womb, by creation, and from the seed as of plants.” Symbolical of creative power, the prime Hindoo gods had *four arms*. Brahma has, also, sometimes *four heads*.

But the most remarkable formal emblem by which the Hindoos represented the creation, is the *mystic square*, which we here present.

6	7	2
1	5	9
8	3	4

Arithmetically this is rather a curiosity. It is the thrice three digits, so arranged into a square, that, read either way, the sum is fifteen, or five times three. But,

theosophically, it is a profound mystery, and a most pregnant emblem. As a combination of threes and fours, it figures God in creation and creation in God. The number five in the center represents the soul of the world. The other squares symbolize the creation. Man, as an epitome of the creation, is drawn by the Hindoos, upon this magic square, with hands and feet extended to the four corners, so that man himself is a *four*. Of vegetable nature, the representative is the *lotus-flower*, with its *four leaves*. These are but a small part of the *four* which Brahminism finds symbolical in creation.

Among the Chinese the world was a great *square* plain. And, perhaps, among all primitive nations, this is the general notion, and the primary foundation for ascribing to the creation four quarters, four corners, and the number four, in general, as a symbol of the creation. The Chinese divide the universe into four parts; assign a guardian genius to each, who is also lord of the four elements. Offerings, says Professor Stuart, are made to the heavens on a round hill, but to the *quadriform* earth in a square place.

As creators and rulers of the *kosmical square*, or creation, the gods are represented not only as four-armed, but sometimes as cubical in form. Hermes, among the Egyptians, was represented by a cubical pillar. The most ancient statues among the Greeks, before Hellenic genius had carved them to forms of grace and beauty, were cubical pillars. The followers of Pythagoras represented Mercury as square, and they imagined all human souls to be square.

Among the ancient Persians, the *Zend Avesta* makes four quarters of the world, and four protecting genii. Even to the present time the Parsees consider the cube as the perfect image of the world.

“The paradise of the Hindoos,” says Professor Stuart, “is arched by four mountains, with four gigantic trees on their tops; and there are four rivulets of silver water at the foot. Brahma’s palace, or *Meru*, has four doors, out of which stream four rivers, that flow toward the four quarters of the world; all of which reminds one of the four rivers assigned to paradise, in the book of Genesis.” The paradise of the Thibetians, the Chinese, the Persians, have all a strong resemblance and analogies regarding the sacred four.

Among the Jews, the Rabbins “had a tradition, that the square stone, which formed the lid of the ark, in the sacred temple, was formed as the first created material thing, and that all the world was, as it were, supported by and modeled after this foundation. The book of *Enoch*, a Jewish composition, so called, frequently mentions the four ends of the *earth*, where the treasures of the four winds are laid up.

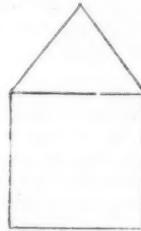
The Biblical sacred use of the number four is not as plentiful and decided as of some other numbers. Four quarters or points are assigned to the heavens and to the earth—Ezek. vii, 2; Zech. i, 18-21; Rev. vii, 1; xx, 8. The heavens are divided into four great constellations—Job ix, 9; xxxviii, 31. In the vision of Ezekiel—chap. i—as well as in Rev. iv, there appears the clearest reference to the four of the creation. The four living creatures—which seem in fact to be symbols of the creation—and several fours embraced in the vision, receive much elucidation from our discussion.

We have mentioned the sacred four as exhibited in the forms of the gods. The sacred unutterable name of the Hindoo deity, *Aoum*, was professedly a *tetragrammaton*, or *four-lettered name*. It is a wonderful parallel that the

sacred name JEHOVAH, which it was unlawful for any one to utter in the Hebrew, was also professedly a sublime *tetragrammaton*. This name Jehovah, as the proper name of God, was peculiar in other respects. The old Hebrew had no vowels, and the pronunciation of the pure consonantal words, so far as the vowels was concerned, had to be preserved by tradition. As the pronunciation of the sacred name was prohibited, the true vowel sounds were forgotten; and so the accurate pronunciation of the word was irrecoverably lost. The Jews, when the Bible was publicly read, if the sacred name occurred, substituted the word Adonai, Lord. It is to be regretted that our translators have not always translated it JEHOVAH; but have used the word Lord, in capitals, following the Jewish practice, and even that irregularly, instead of preserving the truth and power of the sacred text. When the vowels began to be added in order to preserve the true pronunciation of the language, the Jewish scholars, not being able to recover the true vowel sounds of the consonantal word, gave it the vowel points of the word Adonai, which results in our word Jehovah. And this venerable name, as may be gathered from what we have said, expresses the mysterious nature, the full expanded eternity, and, by its quadrilateral character, the creative omnipotence of God.

#### THE SACRED NUMBER SEVEN.

Commentators have been in the habit of saying, without exactly knowing the meaning of their own words, certainly without knowing their full meaning, that the number *seven* was "a number of completeness and perfection." How it was any more a number of completeness and perfection than six, eight, or ten, they have not proceeded to show. But from the views here presented, a most forcible meaning comes into their words. Seven is  $(3+4=7)$  the sum of three and four, and thus embraces in its comprehension the entire sum of existence—both God and creation—Theos and kosmos. This is therefore most truly a number of completeness and perfection! Geometrically, then, we have this compound figure—a square constructed on the side of an equilateral triangle—combining both.



Here in symbolic picture is the great *all*. It is, in most rude architecture, the great house—the great building with the builder in it.

We have developed this part of our subject in a way somewhat peculiar to our own mind, for the purpose of approaching, in peculiar way, the subject of the great week of the creation in Genesis. We have read, with much pleasure, the elegant and scholar-like, as well as original and ingenious work, of Professor Taylor Lewis, in proof of the great *periodic-day theory*. Perhaps we may hereabouts suggest to him an idea, which, under his developing powers, may be prolific of results. The act of the creation is God and kosmos in combination. It is the *Great Three* evolving the *Great Four*, and thus running through the *Great Seven*. The *great week* then is simply

the great periods in which the *seven* is coming into complete expansion. We could say more upon this point, but want of space forbids.

And it is through the creative week that we develop, more naturally than Professor Stuart does, the almost uniform use to which we see the number *seven* applied; namely, as a measure of the time of any completed sacred performance. The order of ideas, as we would trace it, is as follows: *First*. Seven, as the sacred  $3+4$ , is the measure of the accomplishment of the  $3+4$  in creation. *Second*. It becomes, thence, on a small pattern, the measure of the ordinary week; and, thence, *third*, it becomes the measure of other holy seasons, or rounds of sacred performance. Hence it became a *ritual* number. Seven days was the feast of the *passover* kept. After a lapse of *seven* days circumcision was performed. On the *seventh* month was the holy convocation at the feast of trumpets. Num. xxix, 1. *Seven* weeks after the wave-offering Pentecost commenced. After *seven* times *seven* years was the jubilee. The blood of propitiation was sprinkled *seven* times. *Seven* lambs were offered at Pentecost. Purification from touch of a corpse lasted *seven* days. These are but a part of the instituted performance of *seven*-day duties.

The *week* being thus an established measure, its number of *seven* becomes a measure of any thing of a sacred character within its fair proportion. The *seventh* year gave Jacob his wife, and the *seventh* year emancipated any Hebrew servant. Wedding-feasts were *seven* days. *Seven* years was Solomon building the temple. Jericho was taken with a storm of *sevens*. Cain was to have *sevenfold* vengeance, and Lamech *seventy sevens*. God will chasten *seven* times, Lev. xxvi, 28; and Israel shall flee *seven* ways, Deut. xxviii, 7, 25. Pharaoh's dreams abounded with *sevens*. *Seven* of clean animals entered the ark, *seven* days before the flood commenced. The same number—out of the circle of Hebraism—is sacredly used by Balaam. Num. xxiii, 1. It was used in the times and land of Job. Job v, 19. It is even a sacred number with regal Babylon. Dan. iii, 19; iv, 16.

From this train of thought we have a clear illustration of the original establishment, the patriarchal retention, the wide diffusion of the *week*-division and the consequent perpetual obligation of the Sabbath, or weekly sacred rest. Perhaps the change from the Jewish to the Christian week might, herefrom, be also shown to be an easy idea. Other suggestions arise which we must here omit.

In the New Testament, *seven* is the number of baskets full, Mark viii, 8; of Mary Magdalene's demons, Luke viii, 2; of the additional unclean spirits, Luke xi, 28. The *Apocalypse* is profuse of symbolic *sevens*. *Seven* are the Churches of Asia, the spirits before the throne, the golden candlesticks, the stars, the eyes which are the spirits of God, the horns and eyes of the lamb, the uttering thunders, the seals, the trumpets, the vials, the heads and crowns of the dragon, the heads of the beast, and the hills and kings of Rome.

The clearest chronological prophecy of the Messiah, in the entire Old Testament—that of Dan. ix, 25—embraces a period of *seventy sevens*.

#### THE SACRED NUMBER TWELVE.

As *three* added to *four* is so eminent a sacred number, so *three* multiplying *four* is bound to be, at least, in some degree sacred. But the distinctive nature of these different sacred figures has hardly been clearly noted. As *unit* is primary, unwrought, simple substance, so *three* is the *Divine* number, *four* the *mundane* number, *seven* the

*ritual* number, and twelve the *governmental* number. This product of the sacred  $3 \times 4$  found a happy coincidence for itself, first, in the *twelve* signs of the zodiac, within which the sun's course is circumscribed, and, perhaps, derives thence something of its governmental character. Its next coincidence is found in the number of the *twelve* sons of Jacob; and thence the *twelve* tribes of Israel. In this its governmental character was completed. But many of the ancient governmental conformities to this number were early to be derived from the Israelite *twelvedom* of tribes. And we see that an anxious respect was paid to this number, when the generational basis in some measure failed. The tribe of Levi had no allotment of territory, and Joseph's two sons were called in to make up the complement of the twelve states. So in Rev. vii, where the idolatrous tribe of Dan is expunged, and Levi counted, the deficit is supplied in the same way.

Yao, emperor of China, placed twelve Mandarins over his kingdom. Twelve were the Arabian tribes descended from Ishmael, and twelve the Saracen tribes, even to the time of Mohammed. Twelve were the most ancient Egyptian dynasties. Twelve states formed the Ionic confederacy. Twelve were the associations of Achæans, in Peloponnesus; twelve the towns founded by Cecrops, in Attica; twelve the counselors of the Phenician king; and twelve the ancient members of the court of Areopagus.

"In Italy," says Professor Stuart, "we find the Etruscans arranging their magistrates by *twelves*." But here might be adduced a curious chapter of illustration, which has escaped the eye, apparently, of Professor Stuart and his learned authors, and for which we are indebted to the "Comparative Philology" of Winning, of Oxford, who is indebted for it, in some degree, to Micali's work on Etruria. "In Italy," says Mr. Winning, "there were three federal unions of the Tuscans—one in Campania, another in Etruria proper, and a third beyond the Apennines. In each of these unions there were twelve states, with a *lucumo*, or duke—in Tuscan, *lauchme*—at the head of each state; the twelve ducal families chose from among themselves a king; the dignity was elective, and limited by a powerful aristocracy."

Now, can any connection be traced between these regular governmental twelves, and the twelve patriarchs, or the twelve tribes? To answer this question is not Mr. Winning's immediate object, and yet he affords us some unexpected rays of light. Mr. Winning believes the Etruscans, Etrusians, or Tuscans—for these names are all synonymous—derived their origin from the Edomites. If so, the Edomites derived their origin from the patriarchal stem.

Now, it is a curious fact, that the Jewish Rabbins, whose lineal train of ancestry have stood by and watched the train of history, assert that the Italians, whose basis some think Etruscan, are Edomites. They affirm, that while the great *Twelve-tribedom* of Israel was in power, Edom was small; but then, after the captivity, Edom spread, colonized Italy, and founded Roman greatness. Vespasian and Titus, under whom the temple was destroyed, were Etruscan, and therefore Edomite; so that, herein, Jacob was conquered by Esau; the old quarrel being still fought long after it was forgotten by the fighters. Hence the Rabbins copiously apply to Rome, and thence to Christians, all as being of the tribe of Rome, the prophecies against Edom. On Num. xxiv, 18, 19, Rabbi Solomon saith, "Edom, that is Roma." "Whatever the prophets mention concerning the destruction of Edom

in the latter times," avers Rabbi Kimchi, "the Jews understand and explain of Rome." Mr. Winning, in a chapter of much interest, finds much confirmation of this theory of the Edomite origin of Roman greatness from several sources, with which at present we have nothing to do. Our main point is, that thereby the Etrusian political number of twelve, and so the Grecian similar number, is traceable to the Twelvedom of Israel. For, "at the time of Moses," says Jahn, "their eighth king was on the throne; eleven princes were subordinate to him, so that the king was no more than the chief of twelve princes." So says Servius, of Etruria, "Lucumones in Iota Tuscia duodecim fuisse manifestum est; ex quibus unus omnibus imperarit"—*There were twelve dukes in Etruria; of whom one was chief over all the rest.*

"In the Scriptures," says Professor Stuart, "we might naturally expect to find the number *twelve* often introduced, on account of the twelve tribes of Israel. Thus, in Ex. xv, 27, twelve fountains of water at Elim; Ex. xxiv, 4, twelve pillars around the altar; Lev. xxiv, 5, twelve cakes of show-bread; Ex. xxviii, 10, 21, twelve gems in the breastplate of the high-priest; Num. vii, 3, 87; xxix, 17, offerings of different kinds by twelves; Num. vii, 84-87, various vessels to be made for the temple by twelves; Num. xiii, 3, seq., twelve spies to the land of Canaan; Josh. iv, 3, twelve stones from the Jordan, carried by twelve men, and thrown into a monumental heap; 1 Kings iv, 7, 26, twelve prefects of Solomon's household, and twelve thousand horsemen; 1 Kings vii, 25, twelve brazen oxen supporting the laver of the temple; 1 Kings x, 20, twelve brazen lions near the throne; Ezek. xlivii, 16, the altar twelve cubits long and broad; not to mention many other twelves. In the New Testament the twelve apostles take the lead. In the Apocalypse we have twelve thousand in each of the twelve tribes, who are sealed in the forehead as the servants of God. Rev. vii, 4, seq. In Rev. xxi, 12, seq., we have an account of the new Jerusalem, with twelve gates, (comp. Ezek. xlvi, 31, seq.) and twelve angels to keep them, and the names of the twelve tribes are written on them; there are also twelve rows of stones in the foundation of the walls on which the names of the twelve apostles are inscribed. Besides all this, the city measures twelve thousand furlongs, and its wall is twelve times twelve cubits high."

It may be remarked that Mazzaroth, in Job xxxviii, 32, is in all probability the twelve signs of the zodiac. But little trace, however, can be found of any influence from this quarter, upon the numeral idea in Scripture. The symbolical twelve, as we have before intimated, is almost uniformly governmental; yet indicating a traditional religious idea molding the governmental form.

That our Savior intended the number of his twelve apostles to symbolize with the twelve patriarchs, is, we think, clear, from the symbolical promise, that they should "sit upon twelve thrones, judging the twelve tribes of Israel." Matt. xix, 28. The same care for the preservation of the duo x number of patriarchal tribes reappears in the preservation of the number by the election of Mathias in the place of Judas. That there is a divine idea in this, is evident from the symbolical usages in the Apocalypse. In Rev. xii, 1, the woman that symbolizes the Church has upon her head a crown of twelve stars. And the tree of life emblem of Gospel grace has *twelve* manner of fruits; that is a monthly harvest; thus combining the zodiacal and apostolic allusion.

The new Jerusalem of Rev. xxi, is full of numerical

and geometrical symbol, which neither Professor Stuart, nor any author that we know, has sufficiently developed. In the first place, it was a *cubical city*—"the length, and breadth, and height of it are equal." Compare what we have said on the cube, under the head of *number four*, and it will be seen that this is saying symbolically that the heavenly city is the *perfection of a divine creation*. It is as a cube, at once a city and a palace—illustrating the assertion, that in my Father's house are many mansions. *Many*, indeed, for this is a cube whose root is *twelve thousand furlongs*, or 375 miles! This palace-city—375 miles in length, breadth, and height—is on the soil of the new sealess earth. The foundation-wall of this city consists of twelve layers of most precious stones, whose colors follow much the hues of the rainbow, (19, 20;) each layer bears an apostolic name. This foundation-wall was crowned by a superstructure (17, 18) measuring in height (12×12) one hundred and forty-four cubits, or 216 feet.

Gates there were of the divine number *three*; in each of the sides was the cosmical *four*; making in total the apostolic *twelve*. There is no lighting-up of this palace-city, for it is afloat in the pure light of lights—God. It has no temple, for temples imply a distant Deity, whereas God is here to be his own temple. Central in this palace-city is a Divine throne; before which, as from a well, or water-jet, springs forth a *river*, which, in a straight course, cuts through the city, with banks lined by rows of the *tree of life*; and then on each side is a parallel walk, or street, bringing each tree-row between the river and a street. Perhaps all these symbols may be read into language, describing the blessed *state of heaven* hereafter. The fact of the clear symbolical character of the numbers, as we have in this article explained to the reader, seems to us altogether to remove the propriety of ascribing any literal reality to this city as a *futura* existence.

## Items, Literary, Scientific, and Religious.

**PUBLIC LIBRARIES.**—Of public libraries in the United States, there were, in 1850, more than 1,200, containing 1,446,015 volumes. There were 213 college libraries, containing 942,321 volumes. If we add those of the common schools, of Sunday schools, and of churches, the whole number of volumes could not have been less than four millions and a half. Several of the public libraries are large and well-selected. That of Harvard College has more than 85,000 volumes; the Astor Library—at New York—has nearly, if not quite as many; the Philadelphia Library has more than 60,000 volumes. The Library of Congress has at least as many.

**T. B. MACAULAY.**—The fifth volume of Macaulay's History of England is now before the public. For the first two volumes he was paid over \$60,000; for the third and fourth he has thus far received \$80,000; and for the fifth he will probably have between \$55,000 and \$60,000—making as the sum total, at the lowest estimate, \$200,000 for the five volumes. We doubt whether Dickens, or any other author, has received pay at such rates for his work.

The following is the aggregate steamboat tonnage of the United States:

	TUNES.
Steamboat tonnage enrolled on the Ohio river.....	144,473
Residue of the Mississippi valley.....	129,050
Steam tonnage of the Lakes.....	106,154
Steam tonnage on the Atlantic seaboard.....	261,283
Steam tonnage on the Pacific coast.....	14,279
Aggregate.....	655,239

**EDUCATION IN NEW YORK CITY.**—There are 125,000 children of the proper age for schooling in New York, and they are educated at the public cost, the annual expenditure of the city for that purpose being \$917,833—almost one million dollars. This is a much larger sum than is expended in any other city of the Union, and, perhaps, of the world. In addition to the amount named, it is believed that not less than \$500,000 is annually spent for the support of private schools.

**WAR.**—Since the creation of the world fourteen thousand millions of human beings have fallen in the battles which man has waged against his fellow-creature—man. If this amazing number of men were to hold each other

by the hand, at arm's length, they would extend over fourteen millions, five hundred and eighty-three thousand, three hundred and thirty-three miles of ground, and would encircle the globe on which we dwell 608 times! If we allow the weight of a man to be on an average one cwt.—and that is below the mark—we shall come to the conclusion that 6,250,000 tons of human flesh have been mangled, disfigured, gashed, and trampled under foot. The calculation will appear more striking when we state, that if only the forefingers of every one of these fourteen thousand millions of human beings were to be laid in a straight line, they would reach more than 600,000 miles *beyond* the moon; and if a person were to undertake to count the number, allowing 19 hours to a day, and 7 days to a week, at the rate of 6,000 per hour, it would occupy that person 336 years.

**THE PRESS IN THE UNITED STATES.**—The first newspaper published in North America was the Boston Newsletter, issued April 24, 1704. In 1720 there were seven newspapers in the American colonies; in 1775 there were thirty-five; in 1800 there were 359; in 1840 there were 1,631—including 227 periodicals, such as semi-monthly, monthly, quarterly, semi-annual, and annual—and in 1850 there were 2,312 newspapers—daily, tri-weekly, semi-weekly, and weekly—of which 153,120,708 copies were printed annually. If we add 214 "periodicals," with their circulation, we shall have a total of 2,526 publications—newspapers, etc.—with an aggregate amount of circulation of 5,182,617. When reduced to a tabular form they will stand thus:

	Number.	Circulation.
Literary and Miscellaneous.....	569	1,692,403
Neutral and Independent.....	83	303,722
Political.....	1,630	1,907,794
Religious.....	191	1,071,657
Scientific.....	53	207,041

Total ..... 2,526 ..... 5,182,617  
Since 1850 the number of newspapers has increased from 2,312, to more than 2,500.

**OFF-HAND PREACHING.**—The Professor of Homiletics, at the Auburn (N. Y.) Theological Seminary, under Presbyterian auspices, has been required to practice the students in what is termed *off-hand* preaching. A text is given

out a week beforehand, and a certain number must make an extempore sermon on it. Several of the leading Congregational, Presbyterian, and Baptist newspapers have criticised the plan, some with friendly feelings, and others with very considerable severity.

**POST-OFFICES.**—The number of post-offices in the United States, November 30, 1855, was 24,770, and the total annual transportation of the mails, 67,401,166 miles, at a cost of \$5,824,989. The department does not pay expenses by the sum of two millions, six hundred thousand dollars a year.

**RELATIVE PROGRESS OF RELIGION IN THE UNITED STATES.**—At the commencement of 1855 there were in the United States 26,252 evangelical ministers, without counting "local preachers," the number of whom is more than 12,000 in the Methodist Church alone; the increase of population, from 1832 to 1854 was 88 per cent.; the evangelical ministers increased in the same period—of 22 years—175 per cent.

In 1832 there was 1 evangelical minister to every 1,437 souls.  
In 1843 " 1 " " 1,093 "  
In 1854 " 1 " " 988 "

There are in the evangelical Churches in the United States 3,410,000 communicants, out of a population of 16,582,000 inhabitants over ten years of age. In other words, there is one communicant in evangelical Churches to every 5½ persons above ten years of age, or one to every 7½ persons in the entire population.

**THE LEADING STAPLES.**—The following are some of the estimates of the agricultural products of the United States, for 1855: Indian corn, 600,000,000 bushels, valued at \$360,300,000; wheat, 165,000,000 bushels, valued at \$247,500,000; oats, 170,000,000 bushels, valued at \$68,000,000; rye, barley, and buckwheat, 30,600,000 bushels, valued at \$24,740,000; potatoes, 110,000,000 bushels, valued at \$41,250,000; beans and peas, 9,500,000 bushels, valued at \$19,000,000; clover and grass-seed, 1,000,000 bushels, valued at \$3,000,000; hay and fodder, 16,000,000 tons, valued at \$160,000,000; cotton, 1,700,000,000 pounds, valued at \$136,000,000; tobacco, 190,000,000 pounds, valued at \$19,000,000; sugar cane, 505,000,000 pounds, valued at \$35,350,000; garden products, \$50,000,000; orchard products, \$25,000,000; pasture, \$143,000,000. It is also estimated that there were 21,000,000 horned cattle, value \$420,000,000; 5,100,000 horses, asses, and mules, value \$306,600,000; 32,000,000 wine, value \$160,000,000; 23,500,000 sheep, value \$47,000,000; poultry, value \$20,000,000; slaughtered animals, value \$200,000,000; 500,000,000 pounds of butter and cheese, value \$75,000,000; milk, exclusive of that thus manufactured, 1,000,000,000 gallons, value \$100,000,000; 60,000,000 pounds of wool, value \$21,000,000; 16,000,000 pounds of honey and bees-wax, value \$2,400,000.

**POTISH MORALS.**—The Pope derives a yearly revenue of about four hundred thousand dollars from the government lotteries drawn in Tuscany and the Papal states. Sometimes these lotteries, when for a charitable purpose, are drawn in public on the Lord's day, with a little knot of priestly dignitaries presiding over the wheel of fortune. One such drawing took place in the Piazza del Popolo, last May, when it is computed there were about thirty thousand people packed into the square, standing as spectators of this precious Sabbath service.

**WARS OF 1855.**—According to the Albany Evening Journal, the entire number of men killed by the wars of 1855, is over three hundred thousand. Seventy-three

battles have been fought, and no such bloody record has been presented in any year since the days of the field of Waterloo.

**ENGLISH BAPTIST MISSION OPERATIONS.**—The English Baptist Missionary Society have missionaries in the East and West Indies, Ceylon, the west coast of Africa, and France. In the West Indies their churches number 3,000 members, exclusive of those in Jamaica, which are self-supporting, and which number about 25,000 members. In Africa their churches number about 120 members; in Ceylon nearly 500; and in India about 2,000. About seventy day schools, containing 7,000 children, are connected with the several stations. Besides these direct labors, the missionaries of the Society have written fourteen grammars, and nine dictionaries, and translated the Bible into nearly all the languages of India, and elsewhere.

**COMPLIMENT TO WESLEYANISM.**—A writer in the North British Review, whose objections to some features of the Wesleyan body prove him to be not of it, says: "We believe that the Wesleyan body contains *by far the largest per centage of true religion and moral life of any sect in England.*"

**NEW YORK AND PARIS NEWSPAPERS.**—In typographical execution and general appearance, the best of Paris newspapers is inferior to the meanest New York journal. Indeed, the denizens of an American country village would feel ashamed to own such poor affairs. The manner in which they are conducted is not much better. It is true that many men of high literary and political ability are attached in an editorial capacity to the various journals; but still their columns contain nothing but stupid puerilities about the war, a few ill-written local items, a chapter or two of an insipid novel, a long-winded theatrical criticism, and two or three telegraphic dispatches, of five or six lines each. Of editorial spirit and vigor, they are, one and all, entirely destitute.

**ONE HUNDRED AND SEVENTY TONGUES.**—The income of the British and Foreign Bible Society last year was \$625,000, being \$40,000 more than that of any previous year. The Society has been the means of issuing nearly twenty-nine millions of copies of the Scriptures in one hundred and seventy different languages.

**ENCROACHMENTS OF THE OCEAN.**—The New Jersey Geological Report shows that the Atlantic is steadily, and rather rapidly, encroaching upon the land on its coast. At Cape Island the surf has eaten inward a full mile since the Revolution. Along the Bay shore, in Cape May, the marsh wears away at the rate of a rod in two years. One of the beaches upon the coast is mentioned as having removed inward one hundred yards, in the last twenty years. It is also the opinion of the oldest observers, that the tides rise higher upon the eastern New Jersey uplands, than formerly.

**GREAT RESULTS FROM SMALL MEANS.**—The plan of halfpenny a week contributions to the cause of missions is rapidly extending in Switzerland, Alsace, and the south of Germany. By this means, in the space of six months, nearly 13,000 francs, or about \$2,500, were secured; and a small missionary periodical transmitted to each in return for his subscription, has been placed in the hands of 25,000 subscribers. It is a fact worthy of notice, that this effort numbers thirty subscribers among the poor prisoners in the Bale jail, where a gratifying revival of religion has recently been enjoyed.

## Literary Notices.

## NEW BOOKS.

**SELECT LECTURES:** *Comprising some of the more Valuable Lectures Delivered before the Young Men's Christian Association, in Exeter Hall, London, from 1847 to 1855. Edited by Rev. D. W. Clark, D. D. Cincinnati: Storrested & Pe.*—Instead of any formal notice of our own, we insert the publishers' circular, which heralded the forthcoming of this volume. Preachers, literary men, and reading families will find this a most valuable book.

“During the past eight winters the London Christian Young Men's Association has published, in an annual volume, the Lectures delivered before the Association in Exeter Hall. These Lectures have been delivered by some of the most eminent and eloquent men in Great Britain; and many of them are not only of rare ability, but of general interest. The fact that the best of these Lectures have been selected, and especially prepared for this volume, will make it a work of uncommon interest. The range of topics, and the character of the authors, may be seen from the following table of

## “CONTENTS.

- “Lecture I. Mohammedanism. By Rev. Wm. Arthur, A. M.
- “Lecture II. The Agents of the Religious (Wesleyan) Revival of the last Century. By Rev. L. H. Wiseman.
- “Lecture III. Music and Religion. By John Cumming, D. D.
- “Lecture IV. The Literary Attractions of the Bible. By Rev. James Hamilton, D. D.
- “Lecture V. The Instincts of Industry. By Rev. S. Martin.
- “Lecture VI. Man and his Masters. By J. B. Gough.
- “Lecture VII. The Dignity of Labor. By Rev. N. Hall.
- “Lecture VIII. Heroes. By Rev. Wm. Arthur, A. M.
- “Lecture IX. The Relations between Science, Literature, and Religion. By Rev. George Gilfillan.
- “Lecture X. The Age we live in. By Rev. John Cumming, D. D.
- “Lecture XI. The Mythology of the Greeks. By Rev. J. Aldis.
- “Lecture XII. The Natural History of Creation. By E. Lankester, Esq.”

**SELECTIONS FROM THE BRITISH POETS.** *By Eliza Woodworth. With Twelve Illustrations. New York: Carlton & Phillips. 12mo. 365 pages.*—The “selections” from each author are prefaced by a brief biographical notice. The work is got up in excellent style—the illustrations very fine.

**DEMONS AND GUARDIAN ANGELS.** *By Joseph F. Berg, D. D. Philadelphia: Higgins & Perkinson. 12mo. 272 pages.*—The author states in his preface, “The subject of demoniacal influence has become almost practically ignored in the prevalent theology of our day. The reaction consequent upon a period of the most grotesque superstition has probably produced this result, and the design of the ensuing pages is to restore the teachings of the Scriptures to their proper place in the creed of Christian faith, or at least to contribute to that end, by presenting those acknowledged truths of the Bible which unquestionably bear upon this topic.” On sale at the Western Methodist Book Concern.

**PROPHECY AND THE TIMES.** *By J. F. Berg, D. D. 12mo. 200 pages. Published and for sale as above.*—This work does not aspire to a systematic exposition of the entire prophecy of any one of the inspired writers. It is rather a fragmentary discussion of sundry prophecies—as “The Millennium,” which is *pre and near*, “The 1260 Days,” “The Sixth Vial,” “Armageddon,” and “The Witness.”

**EVENING INCENSE.** *New York: Carter & Brothers. 16mo. 130 pages. For sale by Patterson & Clark, 46 Sixth-street, Cincinnati.*—To those of our readers who are already acquainted with “Morning and Night Watches,” “Words of Jesus,” “Mind of Jesus,” “Footsteps of St. Paul,” “Woodcutter of Lebanon,” etc., this work will need no further recommendation than the fact that it is from the pen of the same author. To others we will say, you will find in it a book excellently adapted to be a “closet companion,” and one that will not fail to inspire exalted sentiments of piety, ever drawing the soul nearer to God.

**AUNT HATTIE'S STORIES.** *With an Introduction by S. W. Fisher, D. D. Cincinnati: G. L. Weed & Scott. 18mo. 202 pages.*—Those who carefully scan the pages of this little volume will recognize the handiwork of one of our contributors, whose moral and religious stories have often pleased and profited them. We are glad to see that the talents of the fair authoress are so kindly appreciated. Most writers, after carefully gathering their material, have to set out in pursuit of a publisher. But “Aunt Hattie” has escaped all this. Her fugitive pieces came back to her in book form—giving her a “surprise” that must have been grateful to her feelings as it was complimentary to her talents. Dr. Fisher says, in his Introduction, “The ‘great Dreamer,’ it is said, ‘delighted youth while he instructed age;’ you have both delighted and instructed youth; and many a mother blesses Aunt Hattie, while many a child grows bright and cheerful at the mention of her name. Our young folks know your name; and some of them think of you as a quiet, venerable aunty, in sprucey trimmed cap, with a gentle eye and loving heart, talking to a whole bevy of young nephews and nieces seated at your feet. But we know you to be young enough to tell stories for half a century yet before reaching life's outer circle, and good enough never to write aught that will distress you in that hour, when the works of time are measured by the calm judgment of eternity.”

**AN INTRODUCTION TO THE STUDY OF AESTHETICS** is the title of a duodecimo volume of 284 pages, from the pen of James C. Moffat, Professor of Greek in the College of New Jersey, and published by Moore, Wilstach, Keys & Co. It is divided into three parts, part first treating of the characteristics of the emotion of beauty, its nature and effects, the sensations and intellects ministering to it, etc.; part second treats of taste, some of the more prominent and dangerous forms of bad taste, of imitation, invention, genius, and talent, imagination and fancy, etc.; and part third, of the limits of the field of art, architecture, plastic art, graphic art, landscape gardening, music, oratory, and the drama. Professor Moffat writes with elegance and strength, and we have been both pleased and edified in the perusal of his volume.

**EMBLEMS FROM EDEN.** *By James Hamilton, D. D. New York: Carter & Brothers. 18mo. 159 pages.*—The author commends this book to those who "find pleasure in the symbolical tracing of Scripture, and to whom Nature herself is more dear since they found a key to her language in the lively oracles." The pieces, somewhat fugitive, comprise "The Tree of Life," "The Vine," "The Cedar," "The Palm," "The Garden Inclosed," "Harvest Home," "The Amaranth, or Immortality." Dr. Hamilton is known to be one of the best writers in the English language. The design of the present work, and the manner in which it has been executed, alike commend it as one of sterling value. For sale by Patterson & Clark, Cincinnati.

**THE GOSPEL IN EZEKIEL ILLUSTRATED IN A SERIES OF DISCOURSES.** *By Rev. Thomas Guthrie, D. D., Edinburgh,* is a duodecimo volume of 395 pages, in which are discussed God's Primitive Justice; God's Motive in Salvation; Divine Mercy; The Benefits flowing from Redemption; The Heart of Stone; The New Heart; The New Life; The Nature, Necessity, and Power of Prayer, etc. Dr. Guthrie is a colleague of Rev. Wm. Hanna, LL. D., and is one of the most fervid and eloquent men in the Free Church of Scotland. The present volume abounds with felicitous illustrations and happy elucidations of Christian doctrine and experience. New York: Carter & Brothers. Cincinnati: Patterson & Clark, 46 West Sixth-street.

**MACAULAY'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND,** volumes third and fourth, from the press of Phillips, Sampson & Co., are out in a neat duodecimo style, price only forty cents a volume. If any body else can get up books in as good style, and at any less rates than these, they will please make their announcement. On sale by H. W. Derby, Main below Fourth-street.

**WOLFSDEN: An Authentic Account of things there and thereunto pertaining as they are there and have been.** *Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co. Cincinnati: H. W. Derby.*

**EDITH HALL: A Village Story,** by Thrace Tulmon. 12mo. 521 pages. *Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co. Cincinnati: H. W. Derby.*

#### PERIODICALS AND PAMPHLETS.

**NORTH BRITISH REVIEW** contains 1. Education for the Metropolis of Manufactures. 2. The Poetical Works of Samuel Butler. 3. Reign of the House of Orleans in France. 4. Books from Ireland. 5. Home Reformation and Christian Union. 6. Cabinets and Statesmen. 7. Fielding and Thackeray. 8. Mozley on Augustinianism. 9. The Paris Exhibition and the Patent Laws. 10. The Significance of the Struggle.

**WESTMINSTER,** for January, has 1. German Wit: Heinrich Heine. 2. The Limited Liability Act of 1855. 3. The House of Savoy. 4. Russia and the Allies. 5. Military Education for Officers. 6. Athenian Comedy. 7. Lions and Lion Hunting. 8. Letters from Dr. William B. Carpenter. 9. Cotemporary Literature. Both the above are republished and for sale by L. Scott & Co., 79 Fulton-street, New York city, at \$3 each per annum. Blackwood and the FOUR REVIEWS at \$10.

**THE COLLEGE JOURNAL OF MEDICAL SCIENCE** is the title of the newly-established organ of the Eclectic Medical College of Cincinnati, and also of the Eclectic medical school in the west generally. It is a monthly magazine of 40 pages. Edited by Dr. W. Sherwood and others, and

issued at \$1 per annum in advance. Cincinnati: Moore, Wilstach & Co.

**CINCINNATI MEDICAL OBSERVER** contains 48 pages, and is illustrated with engravings; price, \$2 per annum. Published by Moore, Wilstach & Co. Edited by E. B. Stevens, M. D., assisted by professors in Miami Medical College.

**THE MEDICAL COUNSELOR** is published weekly at Columbus, Ohio, at \$3 per annum—24 pages in each number. R. Hills, M. D., editor and proprietor.

**THE CITY ARCHITECT.** —*The City Architect. A Series of Original Designs for Dwellings, Stores, and Public Buildings, Adapted to Cities and Villages; Illustrated by Drawings of Plans, Elevations, Sections, Details, etc. By William H. Ranlett.* No. 1 now ready. Price, 50 cents. Twenty numbers will complete the work. Each number will be complete in itself, and be devoted to a special object. De Witt & Davenport, publishers, 160 and 162 Nassau-street, New York.

**MATTISON'S CALM REVIEW.** —We have read this pamphlet with great care. In an article in the Christian Advocate and Journal Professor Mattison sustained the following four propositions relating to Mrs. Palmer's theory of entire sanctification:

"1. Her sanctifications are mere *consecrations*, or being set apart for God, like the consecration of a church, or of a bullock laid upon a Jewish altar. The *essential change in the purification of the heart* by the Holy Spirit is almost wholly ignored.

"2. Consequently all *feeling* and *consciousness*—all *fruits* or results as evidences of the fact [of entire sanctification] are repudiated. We must believe it is so, because it is assumed that it *must* be so.

"3. The faith by which we are to be sanctified is to believe that we *are* sanctified.

"4. I must publicly profess entire sanctification, or backslide from that state of grace; and the stronger my doubts are, the more strong and decisive must be my professions."

This article was reviewed by Rev. J. H. Perry, D. D., and in this pamphlet we have a review of the reviewer, and also several papers relating to the controversy. Much as we regret the occasion for this controversy, we think the Professor shows good reason why he has taken up the pen controversial. He certainly vindicates the doctrines of the Church with marked ability. We would suggest the propriety of embodying the article from the Christian Advocate and Journal in the next edition.

**THREE QUESTIONS ANSWERED.** *By Rev. G. F. Cox, A. M. 8vo. 40 pages.*—The "three questions" are, 1. "What is slavery?" 2. "Were slaveholders members of the apostolic Church?" 3. "Shall the Church adopt the apostolic standard of discipline or make a new one?" We are not very strikingly impressed with the force or conclusiveness of the author's argumentation.

**THE FAITH BY WHICH WE ARE SANCTIFIED.** *By W. P. Strickland, D. D.*, is a trenchant discourse from Mark xi, 24, and well calculated to aid in checking some false and pernicious notions upon the subject, which have become rampant in the Church. Printed at the Methodist Book Concern, New York.

**AMERICA SEMINARY—Twentieth Annual Catalogue.**—This institution is under the patronage of the New York conference, and is located in Dutchess county. Principal, Rev. A. J. Hunt, A. M., who is assisted by seven teachers. Number of students, male and female, 346.

## Notes and Queries.

**"SQUARING THE CIRCLE."**—Our correspondent, who seemed to have a "patent" for squaring the circle, has effectually stirred up our mathematical geniuses. We have already received fifteen replies—and how many more are on the way we don't know—exposing the fallacy of his reasoning. We wish our querists on other topics had been as successful in eliciting replies from those possessing the ingenuity and the means of solving their queries. The replies on this point are strikingly pertinent and conclusive. The mode of reasoning and expression in each case is so individual and original, that we should like to give them all did our space admit of it. Our obligations are due to "W. H. S.," "H. K. P.," "Radical," "Doubter," "O. K.," "W. S. H.," "S. D.," "L. C.," "J. B. G.," "J. R. J.," "W. H. Y." and another whose paper was accidentally lost. The remaining we venture to insert.

**First Reply.**—*Mr. Editor*,—Your mathematician of the February number asks of some one to point out the error—if any—in his solution of the grand "puzzle—the squaring of a circle." We will try it. A line or "wire" of a given length will inclose more space in the form of a circle than in any other form. A line twelve inches long will surround nine square inches in the form of a square; while in the form of a circle—if mathematical rules be correct—it will surround 11.45916—square inches. Thus, a square twelve inches in perimeter contains  $3 \times 3 = 9$  square inches. A circle, twelve inches in circumference—diameter— $12 \div 3.14159 = 3.81972$  inches; multiplying half diameter with half circumference,  $6 \times 1.90986 = 11.45916$ —contents of circle in square inches. Hence, the new rule of calling the square of a circle three-fourths of its circumference will not stand the test. Take a circular quart mug, measure its contents, then press it into the form of a square, and measure again; the difference will be seen readily. The rule does not give enough. In measuring large surfaces the difference would be very material. A section of land four miles in circumference contains 640 acres; a circle of four miles would inclose 814½ acres.

J. T. TOMLIN.

**Second Reply.**—*Mr. Editor*,—One of your correspondents, in the February number of the Repository, claims to present a method for squaring the circle, and challenges criticism as to any fallacy in the reasoning. I presume that he has already detected the fallacy for himself; but if he has not, you will permit me to suggest one or two things for his consideration.

1. His first mistake consists in assuming that all regular figures included within the same length of perimeter, have the same area. A rectangle 5 inches long and 1 inch wide, has a perimeter of 12 inches, and an area of 5 square inches. A square, the perimeter of which is 12 inches, has an area of 9 square inches. A circle, with a circumference of 12 inches, has an area of more than 11 square inches, as a simple mathematical calculation would show.

2. He commits another mistake in reasoning from a particular case to a universal conclusion. The amount of his reasoning is this: The area of a square, the perimeter of which is 12 inches, is 9 square inches; therefore, the area of any square is three-fourths of its perimeter, and, therefore, the area of any circle is three-fourths of its circumference.

The fallacy of the second part of this conclusion, in reasoning from the square to the circle, has been shown. The fallacy of the first part will be seen at once by taking a square, the side of which is greater or less than 3 inches. The truth is, that, as the area of a square is obtained by multiplying the length of one side by itself, and the perimeter by multiplying the same quantity by 4, the area of any square is to its perimeter as the length of its side is to 4. The rule of your correspondent would apply only to a square, the side of which is 3, which is the particular case used in his reasoning.

W. R. B.

**Third Reply.**—*Mr. Editor*,—In your "Notes and Queries" department for February, some one squares the circle quite mechanically, but not very mathematically. The author takes a wire 12 inches long, makes it first the circumference of a circle; then gives it the form of a square, and says, "It is evident that the area of the circle will be the same as it was in the square." Here is his mistake. He *supposes* that a given circumference necessarily incloses the *same area*, no matter what form that area may assume. Let him try his 12 inch wire. It will exactly include an oblong 1 by 5, containing 5 square inches; an oblong 2 by 4, containing 8 square inches; a square 3 by 3, containing 9 square inches; or a circle containing more than 11 square inches. A given line will include a greater area in the form of a circle than in any other possible form.

A. F.

**EXTRAVAGANT HYPERBOLE AGAIN.**—*Mr. Editor*,—Will you allow me a moment among your "Notes and Queries"? S. W. W. closes his remarks on the authorship of

"Could we with ink the ocean fill,

And were the skies of parchment made," etc.,

by saying, "The conceit contained in them is worthy only of a madman," and "such conceptions are beneath criticism."

Will he please give us his opinion of the following "conception": "And there are also many other things which Jesus did, the which, if they should be written every one, I suppose that even the *world itself could not contain the books that should be written.*"

It will be found, on examination, that the world is full—pardon the hyperbole—of such crazy conceptions.

Homer says:

"With ease we might discharge

Gibes at each other, till a ship that asks

A hundred oars should sink beneath the load."

A Jewish writer says of one of their great men: "He composed such a great number of precepts and lessons, that if the heavens were paper, and all the trees of the forest so many pens, and all the children of men so many scribes, they could not suffice to write all his lessons."

Another says of one of the presidents of the Sanhedrim: "Although the firmament were vellum, and the waters of the ocean were changed into ink, it would not be sufficient to describe all the knowledge of Eliezar."

Query: Is it not possible that the author of

"Could I with ink," etc.,

borrowed his conception from the above Jewish hyperbole?

S. A.

**ORIGIN OF GIBRALTAR.**—We do not mean the origin of the rocky promontory which wears that name, but

the origin of the *name* as applied to the place. When the Moors—Mauritians—invaded Spain under the leadership of Tarik Ibu Zeyad in 711, they landed at the foot of the rock Calpe, which they gave the name of Jibal Tarik, or the Mountain of Tarik—a name softened by time into Gibraltar.

AUTHORSHIPS OF POPULAR PIECES.—“*The Hermit*.”—“At the close of the day when the hamlet is still,” etc. By Jas. Beattie, 1785—1790.

“*The Beggar's Petition*.”—“Pity the sorrows of a poor old man,” etc., was written by Rev. Thomas Moss in 1769.

“*Add Robin Gray*,” was written by Lady Anna Barnard, in 1771, and was probably her own history.

Home succeeded Blair, author of “*The Grave*,” as minister of Athelstaneford. But so violent a storm was raised by the fact that a Presbyterian minister had written a drama, that Home was forced to succumb to the Presbytery, and resign his living.

“My name is Norval; on the Grampian hills  
My father feeds his flock, a rural swain.”

From the Drama of “*Douglas*,” by John Home. 1722—1808.

FACTS IN THE HISTORY OF LITERATURE.—First newspaper in England, 1622, entitled, “*The Certain Newes of this present week*, edited by Nathaniel Butler.”

First magazine was the “*Gentleman's Magazine*,” published in 1731, by Edward Cave.

First Dictionary of General Knowledge produced in Britain was the *Encyclopedia of Ephraim Chambers*, in 1728—2 volumes.

“*Peter Pindar*” was Dr. John Wolcott. 1738—1819.

“*Barry Cornwall*” is Bryan Waller Proctor.

Lord Kames—Henry Home, (1696—1782) a Scottish lawyer and judge, in which latter capacity, he took, according to a custom of the country, the designation of Lord Kames.

#### QUOTATIONS.—

“Who hunt you, with what noise they may,  
Must hunt for needles in a stack of hay.”

John Wolcott, or Peter Pindar.

“Ha! Whitbread, you have feathered well your nest.”

Ibid.

“Care-charmer Sleep, son of the sable Night,  
Brother to Death, to silent darkness born.”

Samuel Daniel. 1562—1619.

“Compel Time itself to stay,  
Or by the forelock hold him fast,  
Lest occasion slip away.”

Jas. Shirley. 1596—1660.

“Care-charming Sleep, thou easer of all woes,  
Brother to Death, sweetly thyself dispose  
On this afflicted prince.”

From Beaumont and Fletcher's *Plays*. 1585—1616; 1576—1625.

“Glories, like glow-worms afar off, shine bright;  
But looked too near, have neither heat nor light.”

John Webster. Died about 1638.

“Other sins only speak; murder shrieks out.”

Ibid.

“Men are but children of a larger growth.”

John Dryden.

“And 'twas pretty to see, how like birds of a feather  
The people of quality flocked all together.”

From “*The Public Breakfast*,” by Christopher Anstey. 1724—1805.

“And keep my breath to cool my broth.”

From “*Careless Content*,” by John Byrom. 1691—1763.

BAD ENGLISH.—We group together a few additional

specimens of bad English, which are of very common occurrence:

“We have no *corporeal* punishment here,” said a schoolmaster: *corporeal* is opposed to *spiritual*: say, *corporal* punishment. *Corporeal* means *having a body*.

He may go to the *antipodes* for what I care: pronounce *antipodes* with the accent on *tip*, and let *des* rhyme with *case*: it is a word of *four* syllables, and not of *three*, as most persons make it.

Between you and *I*, he is not very generous: say, *you and me*.

Let *you and I* take a walk: say, *let you and me*; or, *let us*. Who would think of saying, *let I go*!

He always preaches *EXTREMELY*: pronounce *EXTREMELY* in *four* syllables, with the accent on *tem*, and never in *three*, making *pore* to rhyme with *sore*; but with *story*.

Do you know *who* you are speaking to? say *whom*, etc.; or, do you know *to whom*?

Who did you inquire for? say, *whom*; or, *for whom* did you inquire?

LAY AND SET IN COURT.—Apropos to the above we find the following witty pass at arms between a judge and counselor: “Judge Rice, who presided in a county court, was fond of indulging himself occasionally in a joke at the expense of Counselor Brooks, a practicing attorney in the same court, with whom he was very intimate, and for whom he had a high regard. On a certain occasion, when pleading a cause at the bar, Mr. Brooks observed that he would conclude his remarks on the following day, unless the court would consent to *set* late enough for him to finish them that evening. ‘Sit, sir,’ said the judge, ‘not *set*—hens *set*.’ ‘I stand corrected, sir,’ said the counselor, bowing. Not long after, while giving an opinion, the judge remarked that, under such circumstances, an action would not *lay*. ‘*Lie*, may it please your honor,’ said the counselor, ‘not *lay*—hens *lay*.’”

AN AX TO GRIND.—In a coterie of literary friends the other day, a question was started about the origin of the phrase, “*An ax to grind*.” No one was able to solve the difficulty; and we must confess to a memory sadly at fault; for the story of Dr. Franklin, about the man who had an ax to grind, did not, at the moment, occur to us. It is one of the pieces, the reading of which made a vivid impression on our mind in early boyhood. We now produce the story of Franklin entire. Many of our readers will greet it as an old friend; and those to whom it is new, will be glad to see it. It no doubt either originated the phrase referred to, or was suggested by it, probably the former. At all events it embodies a telling moral. But to the story:

“When I was a little boy, I remember one cold winter's morning I was accosted by a smiling man, with an ax on his shoulder: ‘My pretty boy,’ said he, ‘has your father a grindstone?’ ‘Yes, sir,’ said I. ‘You are a fine little fellow,’ said he, ‘will you let me grind my ax on it?’ Pleased with his compliment of ‘fine little fellow,’ ‘O yes, sir,’ I answered, ‘it is down in the shop.’ ‘And will you, my man,’ said he, patting me on the head, ‘get a little hot water?’ How could I refuse? I ran and soon brought a kettleful. ‘How old are you, and what's your name?’ continued he, without waiting for a reply; ‘I am sure you are one of the finest fellows that ever I have seen; will you just turn a minute for me?’ Tickled with the flattery, like a fool, I went to work, and bitterly did I rue the day. It was a new ax,

and I toiled and tugged till I was almost tired to death. The school-bell rang, and I could not get away; my hands were blistered, and it was not half ground. At length, however, the ax was sharpened, and the man turned to me with, 'Now, you little rascal, you've played the truant; scud for school, or you'll rue it.' Alas! thought I, it was hard enough to turn a grindstone this cold day, but now to be called a little rascal was too much. It sank deep into my mind, and I have often thought of it since. When I see a merchant overpolite to his customers, begging them to take a little brandy, and throwing his goods on the counter, thinks I, that man has an ax to grind. When I see a man flattering the people, making great professions of attachment to liberty, who is in private life a tyrant, methinks, look out, good people, that fellow would set you turning grindstones. When I see a man hoisted into office by party spirit, without a single qualification to render him respectable or useful, alas! methinks, deluded people, you are doomed for a season to turn the grindstone for a booby."

BOOKS CHAINED IN CHURCHES.—The motives which have led to putting books under fetters, may sometimes be as curious as the *fact*. In the following, a writer has caught the idea, and happily expressed it; and the lines may not be unworthy of being revived in "N. & Q."

"*EPICRAM.*

When I called t'other day on a noble renowned,  
In his great marble hall lay the Bible, well bound;  
Nor printed by Basket, and bound up in black,  
But chained to the floor, like a thief, by the back.  
Unacquainted with tone, and your quality airs,  
I supposed it intended for family prayers.  
His piety pleased, I applauded his seal,  
Yet thought none would venture the Bible to steal;  
But judge my surprise when informed of the case—  
He had chained it for fear it would fly in his face!"

*Cumberland Journal*, Oct. 27, 1798.

MILTON AND NAPOLEON—NOTE TO "PARADISE LOST."—An English correspondent says of the curious fact embraced in the note on "Paradise Lost and the Battle of Austerlitz," in our February number: "The word 'inquiry,' which has crept into the text in the quotation, is an error. It is a singular coincidence, I was going to add, that the great tactician N-apoleon (N-new? 'Apollyon?') should have made Milton's *Paradise Lost* his military textbook! At the same time, I think the passage describing in all its majestic imagery the great 'war in heaven,' loses nothing of its martial or strategic beauty, by the adoption of the termination of the previous line:

in hollow cube,  
Training his devilish engin'ry, impald  
On every side his shadowy squadrons deep,  
To hide the fraud."

"On the first line, I find the following *foot-notes* in an old edition of Milton:

"In hollow cube," Dr. Bently reads *square*."

"I knew one who used to think it should be *hollow tube*; to which it may be objected that *engin'ry machines* are the hollow tubes, or guns themselves."

"Milton has a similar tactical idea carried out elsewhere:

Th' inviolable saints,  
In cubic phalanx firm, advanced entire,  
Invulnerable."

WHY THE HOLY SPIRIT IS CALLED IT.—*Reply.*—A correspondent asks why the custom of calling the Holy Spirit IT prevails? The reason is simple. The word *spirit* per-

sonifying no sex, is properly of the neuter gender. In the original, the word is neuter, and in our vulgar translation, occurs the expression, "The Spirit itself [not himself] beareth witness with our spirits." To represent the spirit, therefore, as masculine, is incorrect. W.

A CURIOUS EPITAPH.—Within the church of Areley Kings, near Stourport, is the following epitaph:

"Here lieth the body of WILLIAM WALSH, gentleman, who died the third day of November, 1702, aged eighty-six, son of Michael Walsh, of Great Shelsley, who left him a fine estate in Shelsley, Hartlebury, and Areley; who was ruined in his estate by three Quakers, two lawyers, and a fanatic to help them."

AN EPITAPH—ALMOST A RIDDLE.—

"Ye witty mortals, as you're passing by,  
Remark, that near this monument doth lie,  
Center'd in dust,  
Two husbands, two wives,  
Two sisters, two brothers,  
Two fathers, a son,  
Two daughters, two mothers,

A grandfather, grandmother, and a granddaughter  
An uncle, an aunt, and their niece follow'd after.  
This catalogue of persons, mentioned here,  
Was only five, and all from incest clear."

Can any one solve this riddle epitaph?

CHARADE.—Our readers may recollect the charade, "I sit here on a rock," etc., which is said to be *unquestionable*. The following is said to be of the same character. The curious may try it:

"In jerkin short, and nut-brown coat I live;  
Pleasure to all, and pain to all I give.  
Quivers I have, and pointed arrows too:  
Gold is my dart, and iron is my bow.  
Nothing I send, yet many things I write;  
I never go to war, yet always fight.  
Nothing I eat, yet I am always full;  
Poisons from books, and sweets from flowers I pull.  
A spotted back I have, and earthen scrip;  
Black is my face, and blubber is my lip.  
No tears I shed, and yet I always weep;  
Sleeping I wake, and waking do I sleep."

WHO WAS LUCIFER?—*Mr. Editor.*—With your permission I wish to make a "note" or two upon the application of the term Lucifer. It is very frequently declared in the pulpit that Lucifer was the prince of the fallen angels, and as such is synonymous with Satan; consequently it is generally so received among the common class of people: hence the expressions, "As proud as Lucifer;" "Rebellious Lucifer;" "That splendid angel, Lucifer;" "Lucifer was cast out of heaven for pride," etc. Whence the notion came that Lucifer was prince of the fallen angels, I know not, neither can I find any Scriptural authority upon which to found such an assumption. Therefore I believe it to be erroneous. It occurs but once in the whole round of sacred writings, and then as a bold poetical figure of the prophetic bard, Isaiah, part simile and part metaphor. It is in the 14th chapter and 12th verse, where he says: "How art thou fallen from heaven, O Lucifer, son of the morning! how art thou cut down to the ground which didst weaken the nations!" It is very clear to me that the prophet here has reference to Nebuchadnezzar—that mighty potentate—thus turning aside from the main subject, to address him by way of apostrophe; that this is true is evidenced by the context and whole tenor of the chapter, where he speaks of the approaching humility of the Babylonian power, of which Nebuchadnezzar was the head; besides there is not the

most distant allusion to Satan or the fallen angels in the whole chapter apart from this. Again, Isaiah speaks this in the capacity of prophet. With mysterious vision he peers into the dim vista of the future, and, with more than mortal ken, speaks the doom of Babylon as an event happening in the present. How irrelevant it would be to the subject in contemplation for the prophet to depart from it so as to speak of things which have happened so far back in the lapse of time—in other words, to look backward! Such an incoherent jumbling of the past and future in a *professed prophecy* is certainly not characteristic of Isaiah. Lucifer is undoubtedly placed for Nebuchadnezzar. Hence the prophet institutes the comparison between him as the "son of the morning," or morning star, and Nebuchadnezzar, the Prince of Babylon. None could be more striking with regard to the pride of place or position each held: one in the natural universe, the other in the political world; the one as the prince of luminaries, the other as the chief of rulers. As Lucifer, the morning star, shone pre-eminently brighter than any in the natural universe, so Nebuchadnezzar, in the splendor and magnificence of worldly honors and dignities, excelled all other princes and rulers of his day.

But let us examine the term Lucifer in another sense. If we consider its meaning in the original, we find it to be a bringer of light, or one that brings light; hence, it is aptly applied to the morning star. It would be untrue to say that Satan was the source of light; and grossly absurd to call the same being the Prince of Light, and again the Prince of Darkness.

I have been led to say this much from the fact that I observed its having occurred in the October number of your Repository, in the second paper of an essay on Milton's *Paradise Lost*, written by Metta V. Fuller. Whether it escaped your notice or not, I do not know; I presume not.

AN OCCASIONAL READER.

AGENCY, SATANIC OR DIVINE.—*Mr. Editor*.—Reading your "Notes and Queries" has suggested a query that I thought might possibly claim your attention. Will you or some of your correspondents throw light upon the following subject?

The great and good Mr. Fletcher—Works, vol. iii, page 57—says that Satan destroyed the first-born of Egypt; and the Scriptures inform us—Exodus xii, 12, 23, 27—that the Lord did the work. "I will pass through the land of Egypt, and smite, etc. For the Lord will pass through. And it came to pass that the Lord smote."

Again, the same author attributes to Satanic agency the pestilence sent upon Israel in the days of David. The Bible informs us—2 Chronicles xxiv, 15, 16, 17—that the Lord sent a pestilence upon Israel. The angel of the Lord was by the thrashing-floor of Araunah. David saw this minister of justice.

Again, the smiting of one hundred and eighty-five thousand men of Sennacherib's army is attributed to the same Satanic agency. (2 Kings xix, 35.) "And the angel of the Lord went out, and smote in the camp of the Assyrians."

Now, Mr. Editor, the light of truth is what we want. We juniors in conference are required to read Mr. Fletcher. Is he correct in the above? If so, how are we to reconcile this opinion with the plain letter of the text?

L. FISH.

QUERIES.—*Show Pleas*.—Where do they come from, and where do they go to? During a snow-storm in January I saw myriads of them upon the surface of the snow. The "flea patch" extended over acres, if not miles around. They were scattered very evenly, and upon a square foot I counted more than a hundred. They were perfectly black; twice as large as the common flea; quite lively, but not so nimble on foot as their warm-blooded relatives.

A. F.

EASTER.—Why does Easter come sometimes in the middle of April, and at other times in the latter part of March; or, again, if we are to observe it as an anniversary, why does it not occur annually?

WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY.—Why does Washington's birthday, which originally came upon the 14th of February, now come upon the 22d?

ST. VALENTINE'S DAY.—What is the origin of St. Valentine's day?

FOG ON NEWFOUNDLAND BANK.—What is the cause of the fog banks of Newfoundland?

## Mirror of Apothegm, Wit, Repartee, and Anecdote.

CUVIER AND HIS FRIEND.—A friend of the great French naturalist, Baron Cuvier, once took the horns and hoofs of an ox, and approached the bedside of the naturalist, and, awakening him from a sound sleep, announced himself as Satan, who had come to eat him up. Cuvier rubbed his eyes, and glanced at the nondescript from horns to hoof, when he lay down, and quietly remarked, "Horns, hoofs—grammivorous—eat grass—can't come it; go away."

VALUE OF COMMON SENSE.—Fine sense and exalted sense are not half so valuable as common sense. There are forty men of sense for one man of wit: and he that will carry nothing about with him but gold, will be every day at a loss for ready change.

UNION OF LITERARY COMPOSITIONS.—At a large literary party in Edinburgh, in the course of conversation it was mentioned that a certain well-known literary character

had written two poems, one called "The Pebble," the other "The Ocean;" that he was offering them to the booksellers, who, however, would not accede to his terms of publication; and that the worthy author was, therefore, puzzled not a little as to what he should do with his productions. "Why," remarked a sarcastic gentleman who was present, "I think the doctor could not do better than to throw the one into the other."

ANY THING IS ENOUGH OF IT.—When Rothschild was asked at the dinner-table, by a lady anxious to select a profitable engagement for her son, which was the best paying business, the great commercial man replied, "Matches, ma'am; selling matches is as good a trade as any, if you have enough of it."

SIR HARRY MONCRIEFF, in conversation with Lord Cockburn, said that every day he lived he hated one man the less.

## Editor's Table.

NOTE UPON THE CONTENTS.—The editor has this month surrendered the space usually occupied by a special disquisition, to an article on the "Sacred Numbers," from Dr. Whedon, while he has dispensed himself with lighter matter. It is an acute and learned disquisition, which our intelligent readers will relish greatly.

The article on Spiritualism is of unusual interest. Read it, friends; read the whole of this series. They ably expose the folly of one of the hugest and most pernicious delusions of the day. We hope these articles may stay, in some measure, the inroads it is making upon the Church of God.

The biographical sketch of "The Fallen Missionary" will be read with mournful interest. We sincerely sympathize with our dear brother, Dr. Wentworth, in his bereavement. Once our paths lay side by side, under the tuition of the sainted Fisk; but long years, and wide space, have since intervened; yet that intervention has not effaced the recollection of our brother, generous-hearted and true, nor has it checked the gush of sorrow we, in common with the whole Church, have experienced at the announcement of his affliction. But her death-scene was glorious; hers a departure which truly attests that "our people die well."

We are happy to inform our friends that since the finely written article on "Dr. Thomson's Works" was in type, they have been transferred to the publishers of the Western Book Concern, and will soon be issued in a style befitting their character. At present two volumes only will be issued; namely, "Essays, Educational and Religious"—a new and enlarged edition—and "Letters from Europe."

We are cut off from further notice by want of space.

ENGRAVINGS.—*Baltimore*.—Mr. Wellstood has succeeded remarkably well in his engraving of the Monumental City. Situated on slightly undulating ground, with some considerable elevations in the vicinity commanding extensive views, its general impression is highly favorable. The streets are regular and spacious; and the city is divided by a small stream called Jones' Falls, running from the north, into two parts, over which are erected several neat stone and wooden bridges. Baltimore was first laid out as a town in 1729; yet in 1765, thirty-six years afterward, it had only sixty-five houses. It was chartered as a city in 1797, and since that period its increase has been constant, and its prosperity material. The first General conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church was held here in the year 1784. At that time the number of members of the Methodist Church there was 830. Now there are about 45 churches connected with the Methodist Episcopal Church in the city proper, and in the Baltimore and North Baltimore districts a membership of 26,517. The principal public buildings of Baltimore are the City Hall, the County Court-House, the State Penitentiary, the County Prison and House of Refuge, the Roman Catholic Cathedral—the finest in the United States—and numerous buildings devoted to collegiate, academic, and other literary and educational purposes. The population in 1850 was 169,054.

*Mathematical Abstraction*.—The second picture elegantly represents mathematical abstraction. The scholar has ordered breakfast to be served up in his study. Pre-

cise as mathematicians always are, he means to boil the egg which the servant has brought to the minute. In his abstraction—for it is incorrect to name it *absence*—of mind, originated in his poring over a volume of Euclid, he has dropped his watch into the kettle, and measures time by the egg. The picture was engraved in this country some fifteen years ago; but as it had only a limited circulation at the time, we have deemed it worthy of a reproduction.

ARTICLES DECLINED.—"I Remember thee still;" "Passing Away;" "Remember the Pastor;" "To Mrs. L. H. S;" "The Maniac;" "The Soldier's Dream;" "The Changes of Life;" "Journey to Jerusalem;" "Nature;" "What would I ask for thee;" "Our Winter;" "To my Heart Harp," and "Stanzas upon Spring," have hardly merit enough to warrant their insertion. Here is one stanza from "Spring":

"The farmers are now plowing  
In spite of wind or rain,  
With the hope of obtaining  
Another crop of grain."

We hope the harvest will be better than the poetry.

We have already inserted a long and rich article on the condition of woman in heathen countries, which will supersede "Woman and the Bible."

EXCERPTA FROM CORRESPONDENCE.—*No Law against the Ague in Illinois*.—A brother minister writing to the office, says:

"I tried to get the convention that remodeled the Constitution of the state of Illinois a few years since, to insert a clause that the ague should not stay with any one individual more than two weeks in one year; but they declined; the consequence is, that there has never been any legislation on that subject in this state; hence a poor fellow may suffer for three months, as I have done, and there seems to be no remedy for time."

*A Letter to the Editor*.—The following letter came to us alive and warm, notwithstanding the cold, cold—very cold weather of last February:

"Of course you don't expect us, away out here on the northern verge of Hoosierdom, where it is so cold that the deer freeze stone stiff—after they are shot—to do much for the support of the royal issue of your western Queen (City)—to march up a very large army—of subscribers—to support her claim to imperial supremacy; and while we firmly believe her to be the empress—not simply of all the French—but of *all* modern magazine literature, I do not know as we shall disappoint your expectations very much."

"As, however, we report our enlistments to Brigadier General Doughty, at the North-Western Rendezvous, it is not to be supposed that you are acquainted with what we are doing individually, nor are we particularly anxious that *you* should know. But if it will be any gratification to you, as an editor, I can report for myself. When I came here one year ago last fall, I found five subscribers for the Repository; we have now twenty-eight, besides my wife, and she would as soon do without coffee for breakfast as without the regular monthly visit of her favorite. Really, the Repository seems to be making wonderful conquests, I shall not say positively from what cause—probably because it is good-looking.

"There is one feature in your editorial plan, Mr. Editor, that I have admired very much, and which has also been a great source of temptation to me. I mean your regularly-published list of '*Articles Declined*.' It must be a great relief to authors whose bantlings 'die the death,' to know that they are dead, and that they died decently. Any thing but hanging, suspended between hope and despair—one might almost as well hang by the neck. I read the list of '*Articles Declined*' with almost as much pleasure as I do those published, and always look eagerly to see if there is any thing from my pen. I always breathe easy after I get through the dead list, as I have never found any of my own precious offspring named there—from the same cause that the man had no notes on a certain broken bank, he had no bank-notes at all. But, as I said, it has been a great temptation to me. I have felt tempted a hundred times to send you something, if for no other reason than to see it named in that—to some authors—dreadful list, and hear the Editor say, with a half-smile, half-frown, '*Cau't quite come in*.' Now, Mr. Editor, if you can assign me no other reason for writing you this long letter, just set it down to a malicious design to intrude upon your time."

**SOMETHING FOR THE CHILDREN.**—*Jacob's Trade*.—What do you think of the following? Does it not display a precocious intellect, and strong deductive powers of mind, in a boy six years old?

"Pa, what was Jacob's trade?" asked little Willie one day.

"What do you suppose, my son?"

"Well, I think he was a tailor."

"Why do you think so?"

"Because the Bible says that he made Joseph a coat of many colors."

We did not send him to bed immediately. W. S. B.

**Little Children.**—Few have written more delightfully for and about little children than Mary Howitt. Her loving sensibility gushed forth toward them in both prose and verse. The following lines will be appreciated in all homes where there are children:

O children young! we bless ye  
To keep our love alive;  
And the home can ne'er be desolate  
Where such love hath room to thrive.  
O precious household treasures!  
Life's sweetest, holiest claim;  
The Savior blessed you while on earth,  
We bless you in his name.

**How does the Frost Bite?—Kite String or Clothes Line.**—

The sayings of the "little folks" are not the last read, although they, as a general thing, occupy the last page. A few of the sayings of a little friend of mine, of five summers, I write for the amusement of your readers.

Solly and his father were walking down street one sharp, frosty morning, when all of a sudden he stopped and said, "Pa, does the frost jump right on to a man and bite him?"

"Yes," said his father, "if a man stays out on a very cold night, he'll get frost-bitten if he is not very careful to put on warm clothes."

"Well, pa, what does it bite him with?"

On another occasion when he and his father were riding under a telegraph wire, and on beholding it for the first time in his life, he screamed in the most hilarious manner, "Pa! pa! look there what a long kite string!" After viewing it a little while he evidently changed his

mind in relation to it. Said he, "Pa, it looks like our clothes line. Couldn't mother hang a thousand clothes upon it?"

R. R. B.

**The Child's Prayer.**—Here is a beautiful hymn, which we have copied for the special benefit of our young readers. It was composed by H. Read, Esq., of Taunton, Mass., and is worthy of a permanent place in religious juvenile literature:

Into her chamber went  
A little maid, one day,  
And by a chaise she knelt;  
And thus began to pray:  
"Jesus, my eyes I close—  
Thy form I can not see;  
If thou art near me, Lord,  
I pray thee speak to me."

A still small voice she heard within her soul,  
"What is it, child? I hear thee—tell me all."

"I pray thee, Lord," she said,  
"That thou wilt condescend  
To tarry in my heart,  
And ever be my friend.  
The path of life is dark—  
I would not go astray;  
O, let me have thy hand  
To lead me in the way."

"Fear not—I will not leave thee, child, alone"—  
She thought she felt a soft hand press her own.

"They tell me, Lord, that all  
The living pass away—  
The aged soon must die,  
And even children may.  
O let my parents live,  
Till I a woman grow;  
For if they die, what can  
A little orphan do?"

"Fear not, my child—whatever ills may come,  
I'll not forsake thee till I bring thee home."

Her little prayer was said,  
And from her chamber, now,  
She pass'd forth, with the light  
Of heaven upon her brow.  
"Mother, I've seen the Lord—  
His hand in mine I felt,  
And, O! I heard him say,  
As by my chair I knelt,  
"Fear not, my child, whatever ills may come,  
I'll not forsake thee till I bring thee home."

**ANNUAL MEETING OF THE WESTERN BOOK COMMITTEE.**—We had intended to notice somewhat at length the meeting of the Western Book Committee; but find we have not reserved sufficient space for that purpose. Being the final annual meeting prior to the coming General conference, their session was deemed of unusual importance. Two days were spent in earnest deliberation by the Committee, and their final conclusions were as harmonious as they are encouraging. All the interests of the Concern have a strong and healthy upward tendency. The amount of business done by the Concern, during the past ten months, is as follows:

At Cincinnati.....	\$165,418 83
At Chicago.....	73,420 70
Total.....	\$238,839 53

This is a large increase on former years. There is now good reason to believe that the Agents will be able to meet the southern claims as they mature, and that in the end the capital of the Concern will remain unimpaired. More in our May number.





Painted by Horatio Porter

Engraved by H. F. J. Smith

## *The Monk's Game*

Illustrated by Horatio Porter







Engraving made by G. W. Smith

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